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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Should We Impeach Earl Warren?

L. BRENT BOZELL

Berlin and the German Elections

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

A Child's Garden of Candidates

MURRAY KEMPTON

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . M. STANTON EVANS
JOHN MORRESSY · J. D. FUTCH · RUSSELL KIRK
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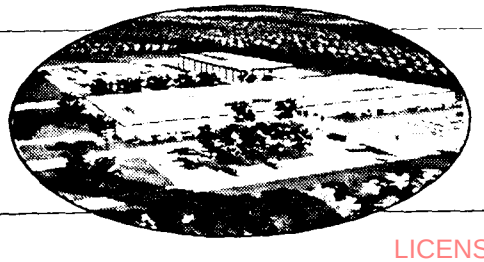

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We feature an analysis by our Escorial (Spain) Editor, **L. Brent Bozell,** of the proposal that we impeach Earl Warren. Mr. Bozell, who is a graduate of the Yale Law School, and a member of the California Bar, has lived with the problem of what to do about Earl Warren for several years, during which he has collected material which he has repaired to Spain to assemble under the title, *The Warren Court, a Dissenting Opinion.* Roughly speaking, Mr. Bozell's views are that the Chief Justice should *not* be impeached, though maybe he should be hanged . . . **William Schulz,** who writes for the second time on Washington news, is a precocious young man of 21, whose aplomb is such as to have permitted him with complete success to pass himself off at the Democratic Convention last year as a Pennsylvania delegate unsure whether to vote for Kennedy or Johnson. Never, he said, ever, was mere man so lavishly treated—it was better than First Class on Pan Am's *Executives' Special.* . . . **Robert Schuchman** will be a senior at the Yale Law School, and is chairman of YAF. He is back from the wars of Madison, Wisconsin, where he, and a spate of other conservatives, fought against the juggernaut of the National Students Association for the Advancement of all Left Causes.

➔ **Murray Kempton** once described himself at a meeting of Young Americans for Freedom as "A Middle-Aged American for Socialism" (implicitly conceding the antonymous relationship between Freedom and Socialism?). He is a columnist for the *New York Post,* and the wittiest political writer in America. Notwithstanding his allegiance to any number of reactionary movements, including the Socialist Party, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, and *The Progressive* magazine, he has a conservative's respect for the individual, and a reverence for ancient truths and big spirits: and it is in the light of his memory of the giants that he examines the little world of Theodore White—Kennedy, Johnson, *et al.* "The trouble with Kempton," Whittaker Chambers once wrote the editor of *NR,* "is he hasn't solved the re-entry problem." We hope he will, one of these days; we could use him down here—before we all end up as conscript members of Old Americans for Communism! . . . **J. David Futch,** who writes on John Gunther, will have his Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins in due course. . . . **M. Stanton Evans** has located a brilliant and exciting Unitarian (Evans' first book, *Revolt on the Campus,* will be published this month). . . . And **Peter Crumpet,** who will finish a novel within two months, writes about what he saw go on between Dominguín and Hemingway, when they were all together the afternoon of the great goring, and speculates on what that afternoon may have meant for Hemingway. . . . **Donald Hall** ("Four Poems") teaches at the University of Michigan. His poetry has been published widely, for obvious reasons. ➔

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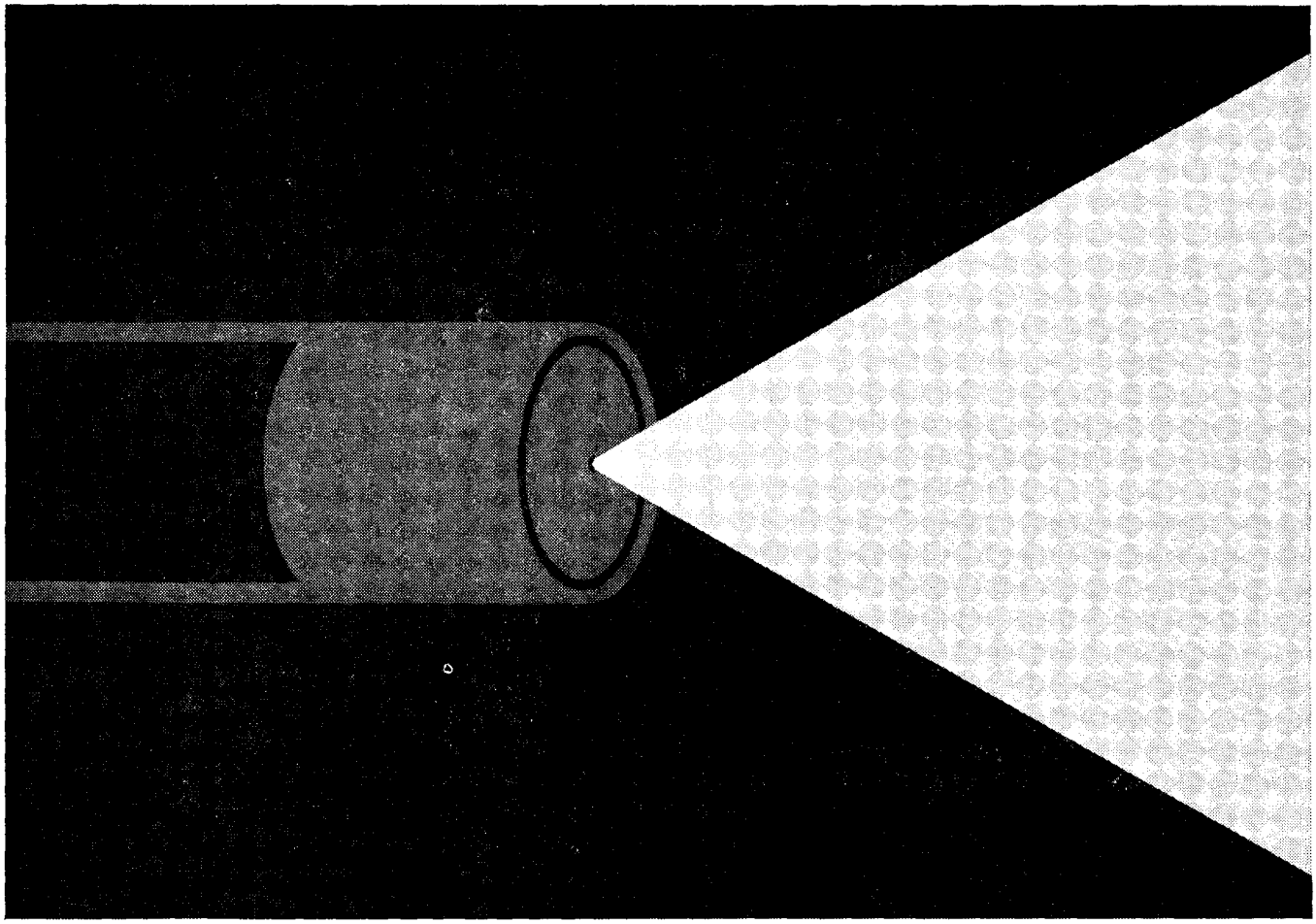
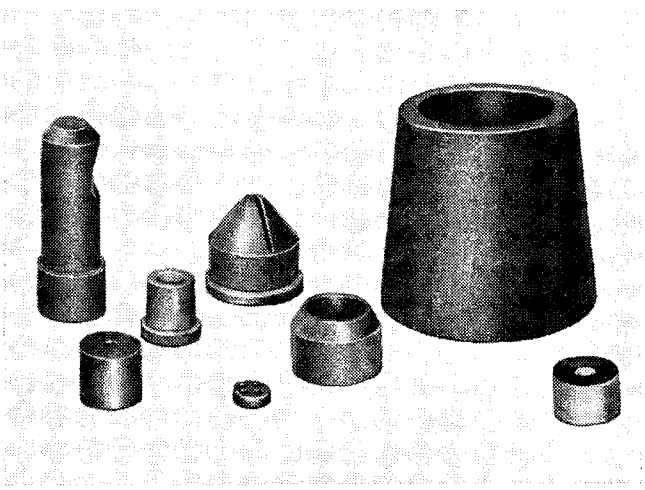


What wears out in your plant?



123 TO 1 WEAR RATIO EFFECTS LARGE PRODUCTION SAVINGS. Kennametal abrasion-resistant carbide nozzles, used in spraying a water base titanium oxide paint, average 736 hours before being replaced . . . compared with six hour replacements previously required with case-hardened steel nozzles. (Photo shows nozzles for various applications.)

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The WEEK

● The National Health Education Committee took a look at the figures—at the 212,570 persons who had died of hardening of the arteries or of high blood pressure last year—and wept a gentle tear. If only those people had lived one more year, the Committee reported, "they could have paid another $151,744,980 in income taxes."

● At first, American Motors had said that the cost-of-living clause must go if the United Auto Workers wanted to enjoy the benefits of AMC's revolutionary profit-sharing plan. But the preliminary agreement reached last week included the cost-of-living clause (not only retained, but entrenched: three-quarters of the current cost-of-living increment has been added to the basic wage rate) *and* a stunning variety of new, increased and extended benefits, *and* the original profit-sharing plan, *augmented* (at Walter Reuther's insistence) by a 50 per cent increase payable in common stock. AMC's servile capitulation can be explained only as a piece of corporate *Realpolitik*. If it could not institute its original plan, which would have cost little in an interim period of declining profits, it would do the next best thing: hobble the opposition. Reuther has already said he'll beat the Big Three over the head with his AMC contract, and the Big Three have already said they'd rather die than adopt a profit-sharing plan. So—there's a chance that AMC will be producing at full steam during the crucial months of the new model year while the Big Three, one by one, shut down for a spell. Which leaves AMC, over the short term, striding onward and upward. But which leaves the auto industry, over the long term, doing what comes natcherly: jes' Rambling down the Road to Reutherdom. No wonder Reuther calls the AMC deal "the most significant and historic collective bargaining agreement ever written in the United States." Buy your new cars now, friends: you'll never see these prices again.

● Last year Jimmy Hoffa began negotiations with Harry Bridges and his International Longshoremen and Warehouse Workers union. These have led to united front arrangements in various waterfront cities. Two weeks ago Hoffa put out feelers toward the union of Mine, Mill and Smelter workers. These recipients of Hoffa's affectionate advances have two traits in common: both, like the Teamsters, have been booted out of the AFL-CIO; both, unlike the Teamsters, are run by men who have given many years' proof of devotion to the interests of the Soviet Union and the Communist Party. Jimmy Hoffa, in pursuit of his vendetta against the AFL-CIO leadership and his dream of a rival federation of his own, thus woos even Moscow's whores. This flirtation between tough guy and Red is not without precedent in the labor movement. John L. Lewis, when he broke with the AFL in the early '30's, thought he could "use" the Communists to help build the CIO. They, of course, used Lewis, and got thereby their first mass base in the American labor movement. Labor and the nation have been paying bitterly ever since. In duplicating Lewis' short-sighted infidelity, Hoffa proves that he is as stupid as he is irresponsible.

● On August 17, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller took it upon himself to telegraph instructions to all Republican members of the United States House of Representatives in the matter of foreign aid. Specifically, he urged them to reverse the vote by which they had upheld the Constitution in opposing President Kennedy's request for authority to establish foreign aid spending programs that would escape the annual review of congressional appropriations committees. Rockefeller's telegrams drew a flash of protest, some Republicans having waxed wroth enough to remind the Governor that he might tend to New York State and allow the Congress to tend to the nation's business (a sort of Newburgh in reverse). Well, one thing Rocky can't stand is his own opinions when they run into opposition. So on August 25, in another stack of telegrams, he said he hadn't said what he clearly had said: "I was then and I am now unalterably opposed to the handling of these programs in any manner that impairs the constitutional prerogative of the Congress." And in a separate wire to Republican House Leader Charles Halleck he invoked the saints: "It is my clear impression that I share this view with General Eisenhower and Richard Nixon." And so these three Gibraltars of unalterable moral principle have fused into a towering bulwark of the Constitution. With one little stipulation: a spokesman for Rocky says Rocky thinks long-range spending forecasts are "more than a moral commitment." So the whole matter remains buried in inspissated gloom until Rocky tells us just what he thinks is more binding than a moral commitment. Cheese, maybe?

● Mr. Ewan Clague, U.S. Commissioner of Labor Statistics, has written (*Wall Street Journal*, August 28) in defense of his methods of gathering unemployment statistics. The *Journal*, editorializing in rebuttal, has once again laid bare the weaknesses and distortions in these very statistics: calling attention, for example, to the idiocy of considering in the same

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light an unemployed teen-ager living at home and an unemployed steelworker who has a family to support. "Need has no necessary connection with employment, or with unemployment," says Mr. Clague. Precisely here he is wrong. We all need a million dollars. If jobs were offered at a million an hour, the papers would bulge with ads of men seeking work. If jobs were offered at a penny an hour, the papers would bulge with ads announcing employment opportunities. The amount of employment is tied directly to the *need* of workers for money, and the level of the going wage rate (which is tied to the level of the unemployment insurance rate, as far as the unemployed are concerned). Briefly put, the mass of unemployed have decided they're worth more than the market will offer them. So they won't work. Some years ago a man we know needed work desperately. He offered to work for a man, *for nothing,* and promised the man he'd make himself so useful he'd have to be hired. He was hired, for real wages, after a couple of days. If Mr. Clague is in the business of counting up the stupid, the lazy and the unimaginative, let him say so. For courage and brains are never unemployed. As a matter of fact, there appear to be plenteous opportunities for those commodities in the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

● Under the President's hemispheric Alliance for Progress, the person who will plan the spending of Colombia's share of the $20 billion loot is Lauchlin Currie, a Canadian by birth who became a naturalized American citizen and served in the Roosevelt Administration as administrative assistant for foreign affairs. In 1948, Elizabeth Bentley, a former Communist espionage agent, testified before Congress that he had been helpful to her in her work. Currie sped off to Colombia. In 1953 the FBI listed him as one who had turned over U.S. documents to a Russian spy ring. Alliance, *sí.* Progress, no.

● The members of the Algerian "Provisional Government," set up by the rebel FLN, have compelled Ferhat Abbas to resign as Premier, and named Benyoussef Ben Khedda to replace him. Ferhat Abbas, though an unyielding nationalist demanding full independence for an Arab-controlled Algeria, represented a relatively moderate tendency within the FLN. He favored a negotiated settlement with France, held aloof from close ties with the Communist Party and the Communist governments, and expected to continue active economic and political relations with Western Europe after independence was achieved. Ben Khedda is a generation younger, a devout Moslem, and a revolutionary from his youth. He is probably not himself a Communist, but has long been conspicuous for his rejection of the West, his friendly liaison with the Communists, and his orientation toward the Sino-Soviet bloc. He has recently visited both Communist China and Russia. His takeover poses more bluntly than ever the question of strategic control of the all-important northeastern coast of Africa—Europe's southern flank.

● Edward L. Nash, Manhattan Chairman of Young Americans for Freedom, is running for City Council in New York as "a dedicated young conservative in the Barry Goldwater-John Tower tradition" who advocates Newburgh-type welfare reforms for the city. An advertising executive, the professional quality of his campaign literature and promotion is getting tremendous results in his district—Manhattan's "Silk Stocking" midtown area. Nash is running in the Republican primary against 78-year-old incumbent Stanley Isaacs, whose most conspicuous activity during recent years has been his calls for admission of Red China to the UN and for the abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The Liberal Republican organization now privately admits the possibility of an upset victory for Nash. The young conservatives will need all the help they can get, however, especially on September 7, Primary Day. They stress that any voter in New York City's five boroughs can serve as a poll watcher; and that *anyone* can help in other work: manning the telephones, getting conservatives to the polls, etc. Any interested person can call MU 5-8731 or drop by the headquarters of the Young Conservative Campaign Committee, the fifth floor of 343 Lexington Avenue (at 40th Street), which is open every day from 1:00 to 11:00 P.M. An invitation is also issued to attend a giant party and reception for the candidate on Tuesday, September 5, at the Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 West 57th Street in Manhattan, at 8 P.M.

● Residents of the New York City area are being invited to ride to Washington on Saturday, September 9, to petition their congressmen and the Administration for affirmative action against the Communists in Berlin and throughout the world. Prominent Washington politicians will address the gathering. Buses will leave 34th Street and Lexington Avenue, in Manhattan, at 7:30 A.M., and will return that night. Round-trip bus fare is six dollars. Tickets can be reserved by sending a check to New York Young Americans for Freedom, P.O. Box 347, Bronx Central Station, New York 51, N.Y.

● We failed in our last issue to take note of the sad and premature death of Mr. Claude Robinson, an extraordinary man who managed to do an almost impossible thing. Mr. Robinson was professionally engaged in garnering and evaluating statistics. He founded, and was president of, the Opinion Research Institute at Princeton, New Jersey. Even so, his

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interest was always in the individual human being. He rejected every lure that statisticians are so generally seduced by: determinism, macroeconomics, behaviorism—all his life, Claude Robinson was a stout individualist, a modern man in his appreciation of the uses of the science of statistics, a humane man in his insistence that statistics be put in their place, and kept there. Those who knew him well will miss him most: but all of us are uneasier than we were before at the absence, from the important and often misused discipline of statistics, of so gentle and so leavening a voice.

Tomorrow the World

On August 25, UN Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold made public his official report to the session of the UN General Assembly scheduled to open September 19. The long Introduction to the report proper is focused on a sharp, detailed confrontation of the two "different concepts" of what the United Nations organization is and ought to be: a standing conference of sovereign states, or the developing organism of a sovereign, supra-national World Government.

"On the one side . . . certain members conceive of the organization as a static conference machinery for resolving conflicts of interest and ideologies with a view to peaceful coexistence, within the Charter, to be served by a Secretariat which is to be regarded not as fully internationalized but as representing within its ranks those very interests and ideologies. . . .

"Other members . . . conceive of the organization primarily as a dynamic instrument of governments through which . . . they should also try to develop forms of executive action, undertaken on behalf of all members, and aiming at forestalling conflicts and resolving them, once they have arisen, by appropriate diplomatic or political means. . .

"The latter concept . . . regards the conference concept only as a starting point, envisaging the possibility of continued growth to increasingly effective forms of active international cooperation, adapted to experience, and served by a Secretariat of which it is required that . . . their actions be guided *solely* by the principles of the Charter, the decisions of the main organs and *the interests of the organization itself* [our italics].

"The first concept can refer to history and to the traditions of national policies of the past. The second can point to the needs of the present and of the future."

The Secretary General does not disguise his own commitment to the second (World Government) concept, and his conviction that the principles and structure of the UN make the acceptance of that concept in reality inevitable.

"The basic principles . . . are difficult to reconcile with the view that the organization is to be regarded only as a conference machinery. . . . The General Assembly, the Security Council and the other collective organs of the UN . . . go beyond the form of such a conference and show aspects of a parliamentary or quasi-parliamentary nature. . . ." As it now stands, Hammarskjold says, certain types of Security Council decisions are mandatory on all UN members, and certain kinds of Assembly recommendations "may come more and more close to being recognized as having a binding effect."

Within the framework of this developing World Government, the Secretary General is not the mere administrator for the several member states, but in some degree an autonomous Executive—or World President—with his own rights, prerogatives and powers. "The Secretary General has found himself forced also to interpret the decisions in the light of the Charter, UN precedents and the aims and intentions expressed by the members. . . . He has had to shoulder responsibility for certain limited political functions." To carry out "the concept," the Secretariat must have "an exclusively international character."

We should be grateful to Mr. Hammarskjold for

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having pushed aside the huge accumulation of double-talk in order to put the fundamental UN issue so plainly. There is no excuse, after seeing so precise a map as he has furnished, to be any longer confused about where the UN understands itself to be headed.

As if to illustrate in immediate action the practical meaning of his words, the Secretary General, two days after publishing his report, ordered his troops to smash the only solvent, responsible and independent regime that has emerged from the wreck of the former Belgian Congo. There was no public discussion of this act of deepest political significance to the affairs of Africa and the relationship of forces in the Cold War. We can understand why. Hammarskjold's position is: what business is it of the U.S.? *Le roi gouverne par lui-même.*

Janio Jumpup

Janio Quadros managed to surprise *everybody*: not merely CIA, the British Foreign Office and the *New York Times* this time, but the Kremlin and even (let's face it) NATIONAL REVIEW. We never warmed to Quadros. His flirtation with Moscow was a threat to the whole hemisphere, and his pinning of a religious medal on Che Guevara's breast was foul. Nevertheless, by the evidence of his past career and conduct, we have judged him a very smart operator. Brazilian politics are no Sunday School picnic; and in Quadros they seemed to have met their master.

As governor of the State of São Paulo, he gave a dazzling performance: tightening administration, firing thousands of bureaucratic chairwarmers, reforming taxes and fiscal affairs, inspiring the economy, and simultaneously making himself adored by all classes. He swept the presidential election with a huge majority in all parts of the country. And in his domestic policy as new President, he had begun applying his São Paulo methods so convincingly that everyone was competing to lend him piles of money. As we read his Moscow-leaning foreign policy, he believed the United States to be on the skids, and aimed to pull Brazil away from its traditional North American orientation into an "independent posture" from which it could deal more effectively with the realities of world power relations. However much you disapprove, you can't say he didn't have a point.

So then, tossing off a few careless words about "reactionaries," he resigns, without preface, prelude or preparation, hurries home to pack a suitcase, and hops on the slow boat to England. Whoever heard of such behavior? Men who once taste the

For the Record

Russian propagandists having a ball in their attacks on Gen. Walker, whom they characterize not only as "warmonger," "ultra-rightist," "fascist imperialist," but "purveyor of Nazi propaganda" and "participant in U.S. aggressive war in Korea." . . . U.S. Navy commanders in Europe have barred Overseas Weekly, the scandal sheet which opened the attack on Walker, from their bases; the Army continues to distribute it. . . . Best rundown of Sen. Thurmond's spirited attack on attempted Fulbright-McNamara muzzling of military contained in separate booklet Thurmond has had printed up from material in Congressional Record. . . . New York Council to Abolish HUAC is using addressograph plates identical to Communist Worker plates, according to Rep. Walter. . . . Kenneth Wyman (30 Fairchild Place, Whippany, N.J.) collecting petitions urging that Operation Abolition be reinstated by Armed Forces Information Program.

Insiders report Life magazine is dickering to buy the successful French picture mag Paris-Match. . . . Result of latest Gallup poll (among Republican voters it was Nixon 60 per cent; Rockefeller 18 per cent; Goldwater 17 per cent as '64 Presidential candidate) being used by GOP leaders to pressure Nixon into entering California gubernatorial race next year. . . . Response has been so good that conservative Rep. John Rousselot going ahead with plan to oppose Liberal Republican Sen. Kuchel in Calif. primary in '62. . . . It took just a two-week stay by the U.S. Sixth Fleet in Rhodes to balance the island's annual budget. . . . The official estimate is that one million white South Africans (one out of every three) now own firearms; sales in arms boomed after riots of a year ago. . . . Committee of One Million (against admission of Red China to UN) sponsoring mass rally at Carnegie Hall, Sept. 21, as UN Assembly reconvenes. (For information write the Committee, 79 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16.)

South America diplomats credit Adlai Stevenson with originating the plan for an unconditional $20 billion Alliance for Progress giveaway, and refer to loot as "Adelaide."

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bitter-sweet flavor of power, *never* voluntarily quit. Tobacco, alcohol, narcotics—they are unsalted bread, compared to power. Political men may get shot, outvoted, hopelessly sick, or fired. They may use "resignation" or its threat as a ploy to tighten their grasp on the seat of power. But they don't just quit. How many can you name, from the last five thousand years, who have willingly quit? . . Charles V?—but he had collapsed from paresis when he went to his monastery. Pope Celestine V? Yes—"the Great Betrayal," it was called ever after he stepped down from the Papal throne in 1294. Any other?

A Brazilian paper pictured Janio dancing on one foot and juggling a dozen balls—initialed to symbolize land reform, fiscal reform, foreign relations, etc.—at once. Maybe that suggests the explanation. Maybe he lost his nerve when he found that he couldn't keep all those balls in the air. Maybe that medal for Guevara, coming on top of the pro-Soviet overtures that had already greatly alarmed them, was too much for anti-Communist Brazilians—among them most of the military—so that they gave him an ultimatum to resign or get shot.

Or maybe this resignation, too, was a ploy in a delicate and dangerous game, a daring gamble by which Janio believes he can prove to his countrymen that *only he* can hold Brazil together. As his boat sails lazily northeastward, the Brazilian Left and Right face each other in what seems to be a constitutional impasse. The Left demands that Janio's legal successor, João Goulart, be installed as President. The military and the Right, knowing Goulart's long Communist-tied record, knowing that he fought the last campaign arm in arm with Luis Carlos Prestes, chief of the outlawed but flourishing Brazilian Communist Party, knowing that Goulart was embracing Mao Tse-tung in Peiping on the very day of Janio's resignation, vowed that Goulart shall not be installed. Nor do Left and Right, the constitution aside, seem able to agree on a substitute.

Who then remains but Janio? President Janio is dead! Long live Janio!

Closer and Closer

The *New York Herald Tribune* reports that the President is angry with his advisers for failing to notify him that the Communists might close down the Berlin frontier. How could the President be expected to guess that the Communists might do such a thing? Of all things!

One wonders: what are Khrushchev's advisers telling Khrushchev about Kennedy? What is it that Kennedy is likely to do? There are any number of things he might do, granted—his powers are formidable. But close observers of Western reaction to Soviet offensives must be assuming that Kennedy will do very little unless the Communists actually seek to engulf West Berlin by military means. Whereas Kennedy apparently did not guess the Communists might close down the frontier, Khrushchev *did* guess that if he closed down the frontier, Kennedy would do nothing. His calculations were, as usual, correct. That's how wars are won.

The rhythm of this business has got at some point to be broken. It has become seemingly inconceivable for the West to do anything except in response to Communist aggression—if anything at all. The psychological advantage for the enemy is incalculable, as any Chinese, Hungarian, or Cuban will tell you. The President of the United States, in his capacity as commander-in-chief of the Western forces, should strike out on his own—not in clear relation to this or that Soviet provocation, in Berlin or Laos or Cuba: but with reference to the strategic opportunities, whether military or economic or psychological, anywhere in the world. Until we change our ways, Khrushchev's advisers will continue to be right, ours to be wrong, and the New Frontier will get closer, and closer.

Communists and Liberals

The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has released testimony by Mr. Edward Hunter, the burden of which is that the Communist apparatus in this country has mounted an intensive campaign against anti-Communist activities and that, as usual, the Liberal machine has been successfully conscripted in pursuit of that objective.

Mr. Hunter's evidence is not all of a logically unimpeachable kind. He points to major Communist documents calling for campaigns against the anti-Communist Right published in month A and shows that, in month B, the old Liberal reliables went to work on parallel lines against the Right with their own tar brushes.

We do not find in Mr. Hunter's testimony the grounds for a watertight logical demonstration. He reasons by the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*: the Communists started attacking the anti-Communists, the Liberals followed. *Therefore* the Communists caused the Liberals' attack.

It is not that simple. To begin with, the attacks in many cases came simultaneously. What Mr. Hunter may not fully realize is that there is a wave length between Communists and Liberals which often causes the two to work for the same ends, even without any interlocking personnel. It is folly to believe, for instance, that *New York Post* Editor James Wechsler would fail to deplore the holding of anti-Communist

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strategy seminars simply because the *Daily Worker* failed to do so: he would oppose *any* purposive anti-Communism of a particular kind wherever he ran into it *because the ideology of Liberalism demands it of him.*

And the Communists themselves are not altogether arbitrary in their selection of objectives. They know when to push, and when to ease up: and what makes them know when opportunities are ripe is not merely the objective lay of the land, but their affinity for the vibrations of the Liberal mind. It is therefore no more the case that the Communists triggered this particular offensive, than it is that the Liberals triggered it—by creating, anteriorly, the social and psychological conditions suitable for an explicit Communist offensive.

This is not to say that there is no Communist apparatus, or that it is ineffective. It is greatly effective in concerting pressures on its objectives: and Mr. Hunter's testimony, and the invaluable appendix section, do much to bare the parallelism of Communist and Liberal tactical objectives. There is enough in this fascinating appendix to engross serious students who wish to inquire into the baffling chemical relationship between the Communist and the Liberal mind.

Better Dead

"One cannot spend five minutes in Europe" wrote Columnist John Crosby last week, "without encountering the immense philosophical difference between Americans and Europeans on the subject of war. In our country, the enemy, the only enemy worth thinking about, is Communism. In Europe, the great enemy is war itself.

"The European popular attitude is summed up best in the slogan now getting currency in Britain: 'Better Red than dead.' This slogan was promptly and, I think, unwisely dismissed by Americans as Communist propaganda. . . .

" 'Better Red than dead' has an immense emotional and ideological appeal to many persons who abhor Communism . . . , among them an important group of writers and thinkers which includes a great many Americans who live abroad. . . .

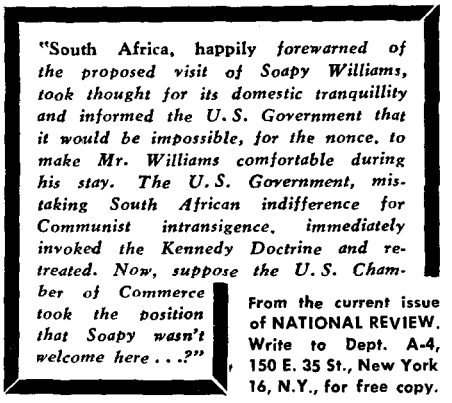
"In America, I must confess, we are not only not permitted to argue the question whether we'd rather the whole world be dead than Red: we *don't* even permit ourselves to think about it at all or to examine it at all. It is treasonable to have anything but the official opinion.

"I agree absolutely with my European friend that we are too timid, too orthodox, too reactionary on the subject of Communism and life under Communism (which is not all that bad and some day we're going to have to face up to that, too)."

A travel hint to Mr. Crosby: Since you're pretty close by, why not get us some firsthand impressions on just how bad, or how good, life under Communism is these days? It would be simple enough. Fly up the air corridor into West Berlin. Walk through the barricade (they will still let you through going eastward), and tear up your passport. We'll be looking forward to your columns.

Ils Ne Passeront Pas!

America magazine, the Jesuit journal of Liberal opinion, has filed notice with our advertising agency that henceforward it will no longer accept any advertisements from NATIONAL REVIEW. Our practice has been, over a period of a year or more, to place a little two-inch ad in alternate issues of *America* (as also in alternate issues of the *Reporter,* the *New Leader* and *New Republic*), excerpting a few dozen words or so from the current issue of our magazine, and offering a free copy to curious readers. Here is a sample:


"South Africa, happily forewarned of the proposed visit of Soapy Williams, took thought for its domestic tranquillity and informed the U. S. Government that it would be impossible, for the nonce, to make Mr. Williams comfortable during his stay. The U. S. Government, mistaking South African indifference for Communist intransigence, immediately invoked the Kennedy Doctrine and retreated. Now, suppose the U. S. Chamber of Commerce took the position that Soapy wasn't welcome here . . .?"
From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. A-4, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y., for free copy.

Now we may no longer do so. The readers of *America* are to be protected against the temptation of reading our little ads, and perhaps being seduced into reading an entire issue of NATIONAL REVIEW or maybe even . . . SUBSCRIBING! *Libera nos a malo*—the reverend fathers will practice what they preach: henceforward, *America's* market place will be closed not only to purveyors of vice, but to purveyors of conservatism!

We suspect that our little two-inch ad had upon *America* something like the effect that West Berlin is having on the Eastern monolith. No doubt *America* has awakened to find that its most sensitive and freedom-loving readers are busily slipping through the little two-inch portal, fleeing from the rigid confines of Liberal ideology, into a world of fresh air and freedom. As a matter of self-protection, *America*

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needs to remove the bone from its throat. Alas, who will administer an air lift now, to *America's* isolated readers? . . . someone, let us hope—maybe even Someone! *Oremus.*

A Censure Resolution

The following is the pertinent half of the censure resolution against Wm. F. Buckley Jr. circulated last week at the Congress of the National Students Association in Madison, Wisconsin, by four foreign students, followed by the reply made by Mr. Buckley to the press:

We consider certain remarks by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. made at a student meeting at Madison Inn last night as most unfortunate and inopportune. In the course of his speech and subsequent questions and answers, he referred to the Congolese leaders and people as "semi-savages," and refused to admit the righteousness of the Algerian demand for freedom. This unabashed manifestation of the worst colonialist and racist mentality in a responsible American citizen left us confounded and shocked. We condemn the remarks and the attitude of Mr. Buckley with all the vehemence and indignation that we can command. We believe such irresponsible remarks coming from a responsible person, nullify every sincere effort of this country to make friends with the countries of Asia and Africa. Even though we believe that he is entitled to his opinions, we give vent to our feelings of profound shock and indignation in the hope that the American students assembled at the 14th Annual Student Congress, will give proper answers to these expressions of arrogance and prejudice, and thereby proclaim their solidarity with the freedom-loving people everywhere.

Buckley's Reply:
1) I believe people can be savages irrespective of race, color, or creed. So much for the charge that I am a racist. 2) I do not believe that the leaders of the independence movement in Algeria have demonstrated that they are demanding Freedom. What they are demanding is Freedom from France. That is not the same thing as freedom. East Germany has Freedom from West Germany. It does not, however, have freedom. 3) I suggest to the foreign students that they were no more shocked at my calling the Congolese insurrectionists "semi-savages," than I was shocked upon learning that some of said Congolese had taken to eating members of the opposition. On the other hand, 4) so-called non-savages, gathered about their own ideological totems, have their own way of eating the opposition, and sometimes I'm not sure which form is preferable. 5) I trust our foreign students will express their shock, of which they have, I hope, a few reserves after their lavish expenditure upon me, at the atrocities committed by Gizenga and Abbas, and other Freedomites.

The four students who rebuke me come from Ceylon, Pakistan, Ethiopia, and Northern Rhodesia; respectively, a) a state whose premier was recently murdered, and whose widow-successor has abolished the free press and restored public floggings for the opposition; b) a state whose leader came to power by a *coup d'état* and does not even pretend to preside over a free society; c) a state whose leader is the incumbent in the oldest absolutist dynasty in the history of the world; and d) a state whose leader has just declared a nationwide campaign of civil disobedience, to be effected by arson and gunfire. Perhaps the looseness with which these students handle the word freedom is the result of their own inexperience with it. Or perhaps they are merely sharpening up on how to deal with dissenters, so as, upon returning to their native lands, to feel instantly at home.

Notes and Asides

The pressure mounts to change NATIONAL REVIEW'S cover. As traditionalists, we hesitate to monkey with our beloved cover, but the reasons that are being advanced for doing so are compelling. With this issue we make a partial concession. You will note we now have a separate cover, on glossy paper. The purpose is two-fold. To begin with, you get four extra pages of *NR*. Secondly, those of our advertisers who pay the premium rates for cover space get a much better half-tone reproduction (see, *e.g.*, the current back cover). We are now well equipped to handle four-color advertisements, which can be reproduced only on paper stock of this kind.

But the long-term question is whether to go to a four-color front cover of a different design. Those who urge the change insist that four colors are indispensable for newsstand appeal. And four colors, they maintain, tend to lift a magazine out of the butcher-paper sectarianism which less and less suits our circulation explosion.

What we'd greatly appreciate is an expression of sentiment on the question whether to retain the present cover design, or go to something fancier in four colors—*provided* those of you who write will not expect an answer. To answer your letters on so sensitive a matter individually would require enlarging our staff, and that would require another Fund Appeal, and you wouldn't want that, WOULD YOU NOW? So if you have strong feelings on the matter, please let us hear from you.

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National Trends

How Red Is Jagan?

WILLIAM SCHULZ

Washington

The Administration is unconcerned over the rise to power in British Guiana of Dr. Cheddi Jagan, slated to be Prime Minister of that emerging nation. Reporters are called to Foggy Bottom for background briefings and told that Jagan is a confirmed "neutralist," not to be considered under Communist control. Hardly the verdict of the Department's own Office of Intelligence and Research, however. In report #4489 R-12, drafted only last year, Jagan was described as a Communist agent. That report, entitled "World Strength of the Communist Party Organizations," said of British Guiana: "Although the People's Progressive Party had been considered weakened by its division in 1955 into two racial factions, one Negro and the other Indian, the victory of the Jaganite (predominantly Indian) group in the 1957 election was a victory for the faction that is openly pro-Communist. The Party's leadership (Cheddi and Janet Jagan) are recognized as the representatives in British Guiana of the International Communist Movement and have contacts with Communists in the United Kingdom and the United States."

FBI files show that Jagan's American-born wife (whom he met while a student at Northwestern University) has a long Communist record. A member of the Young Communist League, she was a leader in Party activity at three universities: Wayne, Detroit and Chicago. She has traveled with her husband behind the Iron Curtain, studied in Red training schools, and is a contributor to the London *Daily Worker*.

At a recent press conference, Secretary of State Dean Rusk neatly sidestepped questions on British Guiana by noting that Jagan had not yet officially taken office. Unanswered was a query as to whether Jagan could expect to receive aid under the Alliance for Progress Program. The answer is now evident. Only hours after his victory, Jagan met with Everett Melby, State Department Consul at Georgetown, capital city of the Utah-sized colony, and discussed the matter of American foreign aid.

Raymond Pace Alexander is a Philadelphia Negro, who sits on the bench of that city. In a recent action, Alexander was asked to authorize a Grand Jury investigation into the scandal-ridden administration of Democratic Mayor Richardson Dilworth. By a curious coincidence, the White House took this time to announce, through a judicious leak, that Judge Alexander was under serious consideration for appointment to a vacancy on the U.S. District Court for Eastern Pennsylvania. Judge Alexander promptly dismissed the motion for a Grand Jury probe, declaring there "is no evidence of widespread crime and corruption in the City Government." In his 131-page decision, Judge Alexander heaped praise upon Dilworth and gave the City of Brotherly Love a clean bill of health. (One Philadelphia paper, unconvinced, continued to run on its first page a "scandal index," directing readers to stories throughout the edition.)

When judicial appointments were announced soon after, however, the name of Raymond Pace Alexander was conspicuously absent. Appointed to the bench, instead, was Joseph H. Lord, who defended Philadelphia political boss William Green in his trial on conspiracy charges two years ago. Judge Alexander, it is reported, is a very unhappy man.

The President has earmarked a substantial number of American dollars for the Communist regime of Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka. So disclose State Department spokesmen who will divulge little else of the Administration's latest scheme to wean the Red satellite from Soviet Russia.

The idea, of course, is not new. More than $650 million to date has not coaxed Poland into the Western camp. It has instead so beefed up the country's economy that Poland has gone into the foreign aid business on its own. The Poles last year instituted their own aid program designed to help both committed and uncommitted nations.

Hub of the Polish program is the Promazet Enterprise, where 1,200 engineers are designing industrial complexes for Indonesia, the United Arab Republic, India, Brazil, Cuba, Czechoslovakia and Red China. Polish plans and designs are responsible for two steel plants and a computer factory in India; a foundry and tool plant in Brazil; two factories in Czechoslovakia. Contracts inked to date call for an iron and steel foundry for Cuba; a structural steel plant and machine tool factory for India; a shipyard and rail freight car plant for Indonesia; factories for Mongolia, North Korea, Ceylon and the United Arab Republic.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation was asked last week to aid in the nation-wide hunt for North Carolina integration leader Robert Williams, sought on kidnapping charges. He is no stranger to the Bureau. FBI files show that Williams, suspended by the NAACP for six months in 1959 for advocating violence, has received large shipments of arms in recent months. Money for the weapons has been raised by left-wing groups in several major cities. On August 21, for instance, members of a group called the Buffalo Committee for Afro-African Freedom sent $100 to Williams for "weapons." A week earlier leaders of a group called "Freedom Now"—which attacks "the rich thugs, bigots and murderers in and about the White House"—dispatched Williams $50 from Los Angeles. A New York meeting is reported to have netted Williams another several hundred dollars.

Williams is also a leader of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, who once picketed the U.S. Embassy in Havana in an attack on Yankee racism. "I don't know what kind of 'ism' they have in Cuba today, but whatever it is, we could use a little of it in the United States," he told students upon his return to this country.

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Should We Impeach Earl Warren?

An early and informed critic of the Chief Justice concludes that impeachment is not for Earl Warren, whose sins call for a grander retribution.

L. BRENT BOZELL

Earl Warren, by any dispassionate view of the record, is a bad Chief Justice. His leading opinions are models of juridical sloth and political tendentiousness. His administration of the federal judiciary, through ambiguous rulings and denials of review, has left large areas of the law in uncertainty and confusion. The bench over which he presides has made a mockery of the Supreme Court's appointed function of impartially expounding the Constitution and the laws, and has become the partisan agent of a fashionable ideology, set on accomplishing by judicial edict what the ideologues could not achieve through legitimate political channels. Moreover, such impulses of restraint as occasionally move the Warren Court have invariably been displayed over the Chief Justice's vigorous dissent. . . . So: the repudiation of Earl Warren and his works is a proper concern of good citizenship.

With the relevant premises thus in faultless array members of the John Birch Society are being urged to come forward with the demand that Warren be impeached. The answer is not that such a campaign is futile, that its opponents are much too powerful to permit the question even to be opened in the House of Representatives: its proponents know this, and reply that successful political action does not necessarily require achievement of a stated goal. Mere dramatization of the issue, they say, may mean progress; and in any event the campaign will furnish salutary evidence that defenders of the Constitutional order are still around.

The answer, rather, is this: that the punishment they propose does not fit Warren's crime—is in fact so badly off the mark as to give the Society's enemies the exhilarating opportunity to question the seriousness of its commitment to the Constitutional order.

The framers might have been wise to have permitted Congress to remove executive and judicial officers upon finding their conduct "contrary to the public interest" or "dangerous to the Republic"—or some similar discretionary formula. The point is that the Constitution was not written that way. Impeachment, under our system of government, is a specific remedy (upon conviction, removal from office) involving specific procedures (arraignment by a majority of the House, and conviction by two-thirds of the Senate) *for specific offenses* ("Treason, Bribery, or other high Crimes and Misdemeanors"). True, "high Crimes and Misdemeanors" is not a precise phrase, and has been the subject of considerable controversy on several occasions in the past; nevertheless, a consensus as to the kind of offenses the phrase does *not* include was reached at an early date in our history, and formed the basis of a solid tradition of Constitutional interpretation—a consideration, surely, that defenders of the Constitutional order will ignore at their peril.

Jefferson's Attempts

The first, and really the only significant attempt to impeach federal judges arose out of President Jefferson's battle with the Federalist-dominated judiciary at the turn of the nineteenth century. Jefferson, never a man to tarry with Constitutional niceties when partisan advantage was at stake, regarded the impeachment power as a weapon for the mass destruction of his judicial opponents. As one of his Senate lieutenants, William Giles, put it: "You [Federalists] hold dangerous opinions, and if you are suffered to carry them into effect, you will work the destruction of the nation. We *want your offices*, for the purpose of giving them to men who will fill them better." This we may call the "extreme" view. Other Republicans[1]—let us call theirs the "moderate" Republican view—held that a demonstration of evil consequences was not enough, that some kind of "improper conduct" or "willful misbehavior" had to be shown. The Federalists, for their part, embraced a third, the "narrow" theory; an impeachable crime or misdemeanor, they insisted, must, at the very least, constitute grounds for a criminal indictment under statute or the common law.

For his first victim, Jefferson chose a relatively easy target, District Court Judge John Pickering, who had a record of drunkenness and profanity on the bench, and thus qualified under the "moderate" Republican view. The House impeached on grounds of general unfitness for office. During the Senate trial, however, it became clear the man was insane. This development created problems for everyone, for now the question was whether an insane man was capable of committing a "crime or misdemeanor" under *any* definition of the phrase. The Senate resolved the dilemma by appealing to necessity: since the Constitution provided no other way of removing incapacitated judges, the impeachment device was deemed a proper remedy. Pickering was convicted, but under the circumstances the conviction could not serve as a valid precedent even for the "moderate" Jeffersonians.

Now Jefferson moved on to bigger game—that special *bête noir* of the Republicans, Supreme Court Justice Samuel Chase. Once again the President had chosen a case the "moderates" could go along with, for Chase, while clearly not guilty of an indict-

1. Not to be confused with the GOP, founded in 1854

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able offense, had been kicking up his heels in a manner most unseemly for a judge. A cantankerous maverick, not really a Federalist at heart but possessing an uncontrollable hatred for Jefferson, Chase was waging a political vendetta on and off the bench. In the Presidential campaign of 1800 he campaigned actively for Adams. In 1803 he furnished the final provocation by unleashing a broadside attack on Administration policies and doctrines in the course of a charge to a federal grand jury. The House impeached on a strictly partisan vote, and early in 1805 the Senate trial got under way. Chase was defended by a battery of eminent Federalist lawyers headed by Luther Martin who argued —not that Chase was blameless—but that the impeachment power could not reach offenses that were not indictable in law. On the prosecution side, the "extreme" Republican theory was heard for the last time: John Randolph, for example, argued that impeachment was a Constitutional device for keeping the courts in harmony with the rest of the nation. In the main, however, the prosecution adopted the "willful misconduct" approach of the moderates. Yet even that was in vain. Although the Republicans had the numbers for conviction, six of them broke party ranks; the vote against Chase fell four short of the necessary two-thirds.

The Chase acquittal was a powerful vindication of the Federalist view of the impeachment power—a view that has been preferred Constitutional doctrine ever since. But more important for our business with Earl Warren, the case was the death-knell for the view that judges can be impeached for "dangerous opinions." Jefferson himself threw in the towel; it is "a bungling way of removing Judges," he conceded—"a farce which will not be tried again."

The Impeachment of Johnson

Though Jefferson's prophecy proved to be correct with regard to judges, the "extreme" theory was revived sixty years later during the impeachment of Andrew Johnson—albeit in a greatly diluted form. As the House Managers of the Johnson case defined it, an impeachable offense "is one in its nature or consequences subversive of some fundamental or essential principle of government or highly prejudicial to the public interest, and this may [occur] without violating a positive law, by the abuse of discretionary powers for improper motives or for an improper purpose." Note that while the definition focuses on the objective consequences of the offense, it is ultimately qualified with the requirement of "improper" intention—and this is actually much closer to the "moderate" than to the "extreme" theory. Even so, the House definition was only a tactical hedge—the typical prosecution practice of laying the broadest possible foundation for its argument —and had very little to do with the

case eventully brought against Johnson. The fact of the matter is that the President's enemies were overwhelmingly defeated in the House when, at first, they tried to bring a case based on improper conduct. Only when they had a clear case of an offense "indictable in law"—in this instance Johnson's summary dismissal of Stanton, apparently a direct violation of the Tenure of Office Act—did the Radical leaders move in earnest and with some prospect of success.

In the Senate trial the main issues were whether Johnson had, in fact, violated the Act, and whether the Act was Constitutional. The importance of the trial for our purposes is not so much that Johnson was eventually acquitted, as that the debate proceeded on the general assumption that the prosecution would have to stand or fall on its ability to prove the President had committed a legal misdemeanor. The result, under the most adverse political conditions, was a new affirmation of the "narrow" theory of the impeachment power.

Finally, we must take account of two modern impeachments that resulted in convictions under the "improper conduct" theory that was advanced by the moderates during the prosecutions of Pickering and Chase. In 1913 Judge Archbald was removed from the Commerce Court on charges of soliciting favors from certain railroad companies that were litigants in his court—though no indictable offense was involved. In 1936 Judge Ritter of the Florida district court was accused of similar hanky panky. Ritter was acquitted of the specific charges against him, but was removed anyway because of residual doubts about his moral integrity.

Such are the precedents. What they add up to is this: 1) *conclusive rejection of the notion, briefly urged by a minority school in the Jefferson era and virtually abandoned (altogether so in the case of judges) thereafter, that impeachment is a proper punishment for official conduct deemed inconsistent with the public interest; 2) occasional support for the theory that impeachment lies for unseemly, though not necessarily illegal, personal behavior; 3) an overriding tradition that the words "high crimes and misdemeanors" mean what they seem to say—that offenses are not impeachable unless they are also indictable in a court of law.*

The Case Against Warren

And now Earl Warren. Where, under these categories, do we fit the case against him?

Warren has not, so far as has been publicly revealed, committed any offense for which he could be sent to jail—*i.e.*, the "narrow" view. At first blush it might appear that some of his opinions—the *Nelson* decision, for example, where the Court disregarded an express congressional instruction on how to interpret the Smith Act—amount to a violation of law. But even supposing such a statutory provision would support a criminal conviction, it could never be convincingly maintained that Warren and his fellow loose-constructionists on the bench had the requisite criminal intent. In a word, there is no

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serious argument for holding Warren liable under what we may call, with the authority of tradition, the *preferable* view of the impeachment power.

How about his morals? His public bearing? Is there anything in Warren's record suggestive of Pickering's failings, or of Archbald's and Ritter's? Or of the un-judicial antics of Samuel Chase? Again the answer is clear: even granting the theory that impeachment is in order for improper personal behavior, Earl Warren's skirts are spotlessly clean in that respect.

We must not move too fast, however, in placing the case squarely in the remaining category—a mere matter, *à la* the extreme Jeffersonians of trying to impeach a judge for distasteful opinions. The case against Warren is somewhat better than that. To say otherwise, is to deny the existence of objective standards in the law—to assume, for example, that the historical meaning of the equal protection clause is simply a matter of opinion. Critics of the Warren Court quite properly point out that in case after strategic case the justices have brazenly defied established rules of constitutional and statutory construction, have distorted history, have disregarded the plain meaning of English words, have ignored the recognizable Constitutional boundary line between judicial and political authority. Many of the Court's judgments, they can demonstrate, are simply inexplicable except in terms of the justices' determination to write their own notions of good social and political policy into the law. Here, then, is a bill of particulars far more challenging than any drawn up by the extreme Jeffersonians—a case that, arguably, is not dependent at all on "opinions" about the law. The question remains, is it a case for impeachment?

Points to Consider

Two considerations seem to be controlling. First, however much Warren may have sinned by objective criteria, there is no evidence of a *bad intention*—of the "improper motives" that even Andrew Johnson's least fastidious enemies felt constrained to include in their free-wheeling impeachment charge. What Warren has done, he has done in accord with the canons of sociological jurisprudence which Roscoe Pound laid down many years ago, and which, in one shape or another, have dominated American legal theory ever since. That this corrupt view of the judicial function has become "accepted" in most legal academies and on many benches does not, of course, make it right; but it does—especially in the case of an intellectual flotsam like Warren—argue strongly against the hypothesis of conscious wrong-doing.

The other point is that impeachment, in the nature of the case, is an *ad hominem* proceeding. What we have been talking about here, however, are not so much the offenses of Earl Warren, as of the Warren *Court*. The guilty party is not really a man, but a usurper branch of government. At the very least, it is a faction of that branch (Black and Douglas are regularly by Warren's side), and the policy-making role it has asserted that are properly under attack. Singling out Warren for personal attack may be a way to dramatize the case against the Supreme Court, but the *case* is against the Supreme Court; the proper recourse, therefore, is not punishment of an individual, but one of the famous Constitutional "checks" by which a trespassing branch of government may be brought back into line by one of the others.

The truly Constitutional remedy for the evil is the one Senator Jenner invoked four years ago. Art. III Sec. 2 of the Constitution provides "the Supreme Court shall have appellate Jurisdiction . . . with such Exceptions, and under such Regulations as Congress shall make." The phrase, "with such Exceptions," moreover, is a clear invitation to Congress to move in on the Court in areas where its activities have ceased, in Congress' eyes, to be consistent with the public good. This was Senator Jenner's reasoning when he sought to limit the Warren Court's jurisdiction in the internal security field.

A modified version of the Jenner bill failed in the Senate by a whisker. Would it do better today with the zeal of the Birchers thrown into the struggle? Who knows? One does know, however, for the reasons we have mentioned, that such a campaign would have greater appeal to responsible congressmen than the idea of impeachment.

Why Not Censure?

Or—if the objection is that a different approach is needed to dramatize the issue—why not take a page from the Liberals' book? There is nothing in the world to prevent the House or Senate or both jointly from passing a resolution of *censure* against the Supreme Court, or against especially offending justices—or, if that is deemed appropriate, against Warren singly. Here is something the John Birch Society could get its teeth into. A censure campaign, because of the political logistics involved, probably wouldn't succeed either. It would, however, achieve all of the educational and political action objectives that are presently within reach, and would have the additional advantage, shared by the Jenner approach, of keeping faith with the letter and spirit of the Constitution.

But let us abandon impeachment. Another way of putting all of this is that Earl Warren has sinned too grandly for that. He has defiled our jurisprudence and made war against the public order. He has not stolen chickens.

The Diplomatic Channel

"These violations of existing Berlin agreements will be the subject of vigorous protest through appropriate channels." —Secretary of State Dean Rusk

Whenever diplomatic doubts
Deteriorate into routs,
I say, and I shall say again:
At least we act like gentlemen.

When Russia waves the bloody shirt
And things go badly at Bizerte,
At State, we always count to ten—
And then we wait, like gentlemen.

Though critics on the Right contend
We're heading for a headless end
(Like Louis, at Valenciennes)
We'll lose our heads like gentlemen.

If, in that final test of will
We fail, despite our Overkill,
We'll dress before we say "amen,"
And vaporize like gentlemen.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Third World War

Rising Expectations of What?

JAMES BURNHAM

Within less than a fortnight of the signing of the Punta del Este pact, President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress was blown to shreds by political explosions in Brazil and British Guiana. The fate of this paper balloon, inflated by so much hot air pumped from White House eggheads, was inevitable from the outset. Still, even skeptical observers hardly expected quite so quick a kaput.

The shadow of the Alliance for Progress will linger on as one more zombie draining the blood of our federal budget. But for all practical purposes, it is finished before it starts. The basic ideas from which the Alliance was spawned, however, continue to flourish in all their vigor, serenely immune to the tests of experience: 1) The "main theater" of the Cold War is the underdeveloped region—the industrially backward nations, many of them newly independent, of Asia, Africa and Latin America. 2) The primary objective of U.S. policy is to keep these nations from absorption within the Soviet Empire. Until a short time ago, this was interpreted to mean keeping them attached to the Western camp. The objective has been reduced to the hope of keeping them "neutral" or "uncommitted." 3) The way to prevent underdeveloped nations from going Communist and swinging into the Soviet Empire is to develop them —to help them fulfill "the revolution of rising expectations." 4) The success of the revolution of rising expectations (let's refer to it as "RRE") calls for reform along democratic-egalitarian lines—political democracy, land reform—and a rapid rise in the mass standard of living.

The Point at Punta

At Punta del Este the government of the United States underwrote: a) the belief that an RRE—in this instance a Latin American RRE—is both legitimate and possible; b) the prediction that a ten-year $20 billion subsidy will in fact give the RRE a big push forward; c) a guarantee that the $20 billion will be forthcoming.

If, therefore, the Latin American RRE is disappointed, if a significant rise in the mass standard of living does *not* take place, then it is obvious that we, the underwriters, are going to get the blame. Quite properly, too. We have said that the RRE is a good thing and a possible thing, and that the Punta del Este program will bring it about. Why, then, shouldn't we be blamed if the facts to come prove us false prophets?

Now it is certain that over the next decade the Latin American RRE *is* going to be disappointed. It is certain that there is *not* going to be any appreciable rise in the mass standard of living. It is virtually certain that there will be a drop, perhaps a considerable drop, in the mass standard.

There are a dozen reasons why the RRE as launched at Punta del Este will come so unmistakably a cropper. The money may not appear. Much of what does will be squandered in economically unproductive ways. The proposed reforms bearing on fiscal responsibility will not, in most cases, be carried out. The egalitarian reforms, including land reform, will for the most part not increase, will often lower, production, and in many of the nations will provoke social chaos rather than prosperity. Let us add that during the decade our enemy, already possessed of two beachheads in the Caribbean, will not be idle.

Even if we should assume that all the plans of Punta del Este were going to be perfectly carried out, and that our enemy were going to relax, the Latin American RRE would still be disappointed.

It is a sentimental illusion to suppose that the premises for major and rapid economic advance are present in each and every nation on every continent. Most—not all, but most—of these underdeveloped nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America are underdeveloped for good and sufficient reasons—of soil, climate, rainfall, paucity of resources (especially sources of energy), not to speak of the nature of the human groups that inhabit them. It is demagogic to speak as if these conditions could be overcome in a few years' time. Some of them can *never* be overcome. A few might be, by technological or sociological *tours de force*, but slowly and painfully.

All these obstacles disregarded, there still remains one factor which alone makes certain the failure of the RRE over the next Latin American decade. The world population explosion is at its most explosive in Latin America: soaring above an almost incredible 3 per cent per annum in a number of Latin American countries. If current trends continue, the population of Latin America will triple (from 200 to 600 million) before the end of this century.

Yes We Have No Distinctions

Over the Punta del Este decade, there is not the slightest chance that the *average* standard of living of Latin America's swelling masses will rise. On average, the standard is certain to fall, no matter what success for what program.

It is a law of human societies (with a few small primitive tribes and religious sects the only exceptions) that when it is not possible for everyone to eat enough, then some eat more than others. However displeasing or immoral it may seem, there is nothing accidental about this law: it merely expresses a society's will to survive.

What this law means in relation to Latin America today is that any egalitarian program that treats all nations and all social classes alike is sure to fail, and to aggravate existing social disorders. Very likely no program could be successful: no one has promised that all human problems can be solved. But to have some chance for what modest success may be conceivable, the starting point would have to be the making of distinctions: between this nation and that, between one social group and another.

Distinctions, of course, went out with the five cent cigar.

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Letter from the Continent

Berlin and the German Elections

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The closing of the border between West and East Berlin did not really come unexpectedly. In a certain sense the East German Government was acting in desperate self-defense, preferring a minor evil to an even larger one. By shutting down this exit route through which, in the last weeks, an average of a thousand persons a day left for the Golden West, a public profession of moral defeat was made to all and sundry. Slowly but surely the country dominated by the Pankow regime was bleeding to death. Most of the refugees were young, or at least, youngish people and couples with small children. Production, especially in the agricultural sector, was at a new low and the need of manpower critical. In Free Germany, on the other hand, well-paid jobs are to be had for the asking; liberty of movement, of thought and association is complete, so why, reasoned thousands of East Germans, remain under a hated gang of tyrants?

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

To the Bonn Government this new violation of the Four Power Agreement presents a number of problems —last, but not least, an internal political one in the shadow of the forthcoming elections. It contains one blessing in disguise, though, and this only from a higher, national point of view. German cabinet ministers repeatedly have expressed the fear that this constant draining away of the East German population would result in a vacuum which might, possibly, be filled by immigrants from further east. In order to alleviate the terrible shortage of medical men, doctors from Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary already have been imported by East Germany. The mass flight of peasants from brutal collectivization, might, West German authorities have feared, have had serious consequences—not only a mild famine, but also the staffing of the LPG (collective farms) with Far Eastern or Chinese laborers who would become permanent settlers.

Will They Revolt?

The sealing off of the last escape route from Eastern Germany will, inevitably, have psychological effects on the internal situation of the satellite. It is probably too early to weigh the full impact of this measure. Will people, forced to stay where they are, without any hope of another, more tolerable form of life, more readily accept the classless society of the GDR as an unavoidable evil? Or will they, quite to the contrary, react to the final shutting of the trap in a mood of passive resistance, trying to sabotage agriculture, industry and office work, as best as they can, thus turning the GDR into a liability?

Such resistance is not within the German tradition. As a matter of fact, Germans have frequently done wonders out of a sheer sense of *pflicht,* of duty, rather than of enthusiasm. Much of the German effort in World War II has to be explained this way. Still, one must be careful in using national characteristics as absolutes in a forecast. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* The very first people to revolt against Soviet rule were not the Poles or the Hungarians (who have a strong revolutionary tradition), but the Germans of the Soviet Zone, and this although they had less reason for anger than the unfortunate inhabitants of other satellite nations who lived under far greater pressure.

It is probably futile to muse over the long-range effects of a measure at this short range. Yet, it can be predicted that so long as West Berlin remains free, the watertight demarcation line will stand, even if it amounts to Comrade Ulbricht's public profession of failure to secure the loyalty of his sixteen million Germans. The Soviet Government with its usual contempt for the Pankow regime (a contempt higher Soviet officials never try to hide from Bonn emissaries) will treat the Soviet Zone of Germany from now on as a huge concentration camp and a reservoir of highly-specialized workers.

While these lines are being written, West Berlin is raging about Eastern brutality, and Western impotence, and there is, in addition, the fear that in the GDR the pot again may boil over as it did in June 1953. Another insurrection, however, would merely result in another betrayal by the West. In the Federal Republic the disappointment over the inactivity of the Allies is great, and Herr Brandt, Socialist candidate for the chancellorship, is calling for "deeds not words." Yet the Socialists, now so very vocal, forget that it was they who prevented for three fatal years the rearmament of the Federal Republic on the ground that it would herald a revival of Nazism.

Election Forecasts

How will the Berlin events affect the German elections of September 17? A preliminary poll (taken before August 13) indicates that 50 per cent of the voters prefer the CDU ticket. The number of "don't knows" also is large, and many of them will cast their vote for Adenauer. Some forecasters are talking about the possibility of a 55 to 60 per cent turnout for Adenauer who, after all, is the main target of Khrushchev's vilifications (and, incidentally, the Western statesman Mr. K. respects most). There exists, however, another point of view which is that the apparent Western apathy in the initial crisis will result in strengthening the extremists on both ends of the scale as the big German parties have all placed their confidence in Washington.

Although Willy Brandt is Mayor of Berlin and the crisis aids him psychologically, the general German affection for Berlin should not be overrated either. Germans are more anti-Communist than pro-Berlin, for Berlin is a city whose past is Prussian rather than German.

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Lowell Thomas

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Preface for a Peace Corps Handbook

Will Somebody Lend Me a Hand with the White Man's Burden?

JOHN MORRESSY

Civilization began quite long ago with a group of people called the Sumerians, who lived in Mesopotamia. Nobody knows where the Sumerians came from. Nobody knows where they went, either, for that matter. But they were around, at least for a while.

The Sumerians weren't really civilized. They had very few wars, and even then they could only kill each other off one at a time. But they *tried*. It wasn't much, but it was a start.

The Amorites, neighbors of the Sumerians (nobody knows where *they* came from, either, so don't bother asking) were troublemakers. One Saturday night around 2000 B.C. some Amorites got a skinful and decided to go over and beat the hell out of a few Sumerians. Naturally, there was trouble. One thing led to another, and before you could say "Hammurabi," the Amorites had civilized the Sumerians and liberated their money, land, cattle and daughters.

Model Treaty

The Amorites drew up a treaty that was to be the model for all future treaties. It had three provisions:

1. Give us land.
2. Give us money.
3. Be grateful; we're doing this for the sake of peace.

As the world became more civilized and a lot of wars were fought to make it safe—or at any rate, lively—the treaties became much more polite. Now they say, "*Please* give us land, etc., etc." This is known as PROGRESS, and is thought to be pretty good.

There was so much going on that no one paid any attention to a bunch of sailors known as the Greeks who hung out near the Aegean Sea. The people of Mesopotamia, who by this time were calling themselves Assyrians, Persians and Egyptians, and acting pretty snotty, used to say, "Oh, those Greeks are all right, I suppose, but they'll never amount to anything—just a bunch of sailors." Then one day, the Greeks surprised everyone. They built Athens.

In no time at all, the Greeks had reached a high degree of culture. They had tyranny, slavery, and all the other hallmarks of civilization. In fact, you could hardly tell them from people of the present day, except that they went around in sheets. But then, we all have our idiosyncrasies.

Decline and Fall, etc.

The Greeks were doing so well that they thought they could ignore the Romans, a rough crowd who lived nearby, but the Romans made good. So good, in fact, that they came to rule the whole known world, and you can't do much better than that. The Romans were finally knocked out of the picture by a gang of smelly barbarians from the north who couldn't even conjugate *amo*.

It just goes to show you.

After the fall of Rome there came a long period that everyone calls The Dark Ages. By the time it grew light again, it was 1400, and pretty crowded.

Things got to such a state that Columbus, in disgust, went off to discover the New World, and then there was no holding people. They were sailing all over the place, discovering things. A lot of them thought that if they got a few friends together they could sail off somewhere and start a country of their own where no one would have to work and everyone would sing songs, play the flute, and do folk dances all day.

It never worked out that way.

After this came the age of Revolution. People would stand around on street corners, sulking, and finally someone would jump up and shout, "We're being oppressed!" This means "They're doing to me what I want to do to them, and I don't like it a bit!"

When enough people got angry, they would get together and have a revolution. After it was all over, they would call each other "Citizen," wear funny hats, and sing patriotic songs. Meanwhile, things would quietly go back to what they used to be, except that a whole new set of people got the graft.

The Civilized Way

During the nineteenth century, a new style of treaty became popular for a time. It was sort of an agreement between nations to hate someone else more than they hated each other. These treaties didn't work out very well. In the end, everyone would be hating everyone else worse than before, but since no one knew who was on whose side, they were afraid to start anything, and just hated each other and waited for a chance.

This is called PEACE.

In the twentieth century, they got their chance. In fact, there were so many wars that they sometimes overlapped, confusing everyone and making it almost impossible to plan a weekend. In desperation, nations adopted a system by which they all got together after each war to act friendly and talk about how much they wanted peace. In the meantime, they could make all the necessary arrangements for the next war without a lot of last-minute running around.

This is called DIPLOMACY.

Thanks to diplomacy, we now have wars at regular intervals. But since we can kill more people in less time and at greater distances than ever before, it all works out in the end.

Which should come very soon.

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Special Report

Charge of the Right Brigade

ROBERT M. SCHUCHMAN

The Students for a Democratic Society (formerly the Student League for Industrial Democracy) warned delegates to the Fourteenth Congress of the U.S. National Student Association in Madison, Wisconsin, against a planned invasion by "campus conservatives," described as students who consort with "racist, militarist, imperialist butchers."

The National Student Association claims to represent 1,300,000 college students on 400 campuses across the nation. Actually, it represents only an organized clique of insiders who pass on control of the organization year after year to ideologically congenial successors. The NSA's budget runs over $1 million a year, largely furnished by tax-exempt foundations (NSA is itself tax-exempt, which raises the question, why shouldn't the ADA be? Or, God bless us, YAF, for that matter?) Democracy within the NSA is, to put it generously, a "guided democracy," something like Sukarno's.

As the immediate past chairman (1959-1960) of the Association's national executive committee put it (in an unguarded moment): "The Association is not representative. I've never claimed that it is representative. It should come up to our high standards." Invariably, NSA ratifies the political beliefs of its leaders which are, invariably, left-wing. Last year NSA commended the Japanese students who rioted against President Eisenhower's proposed visit, called for the abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, etc., etc. Dissent is usually disposed of at the credentials level. Last week, for instance, the NSA leadership voided the badge of Scott Stanley Jr., a delegate from the University of Kansas, on the grounds that enrollment in his school had declined since the last Congress. (Actually it had increased slightly.) The real reason: Stanley is a director of Young Americans for Freedom. Another debadged conservative: Fulton Lewis III. His crime: he has worked for the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

The speakers' roster was consistent. Apart from Stan Evans, conservative editor of the *Indianapolis News*, NSA speakers took positions somewhere between Herbert Lehman and Wayne Morse. Keynoter "Gay" Nelson, Governor of Wisconsin, welcomed the delegates with the asseveration that there is no conservative revival. What there is is merely "a revival of the Know-Nothing spirit."

Two issues rocked the Congress. The first concerned Cuba, the second the appearance of William F. Buckley Jr. The Young Americans for Freedom had learned that 44 anti-Communist Cuban students were about to be tried in Santiago for "counter-revolutionary activity." They argued that a strongly worded objection by the NSA might just stave off the death penalty because of Castro's momentary fear of adverse publicity in Latin America. At the suggestion of the Cuban National Revolutionary Student Directory, the group whose members were on trial, YAF recommended that the NSA send a delegation of student leaders to Havana at once, to protest the contemplated massacre in the name of the students of America. When the facts were presented to James Scott, International Affairs Vice President of NSA, he suggested that the recommendation be deleted on the grounds that the appearance of Americans in Cuba might enrage rather than mollify Castro. "It is in the best interests of NSA that YAF should play no part, not even a small part, in the Cuban business," he added. Whereupon the Congress resolved to confine its protest to the sending of a telegram to Havana demanding clemency.

The second Liberal-conservative hassle came after Mr. Buckley, as a guest of the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, had spoken on the tenets of the conservative philosophy to a well-behaved crowd of over one thousand. (To the embarrassment of the leadership, virtually the entire Congress turned up for his talk.) After Mr. Buckley had left, Timothy Jenkins, the National Affairs Vice President of NSA, took the floor to denounce Buckley's views: "I think now we have unmasked in the final reality what exactly exists behind the facade of the conservative image, because now we see the base, and the debased, colonial, repressive, slave-owning kind of mentality that can exist in a hard, fascist type of regime."

Successful Goading

As the Congress drew to a close, the Committee for a Republican National Student Organization (CRNSO), led by former Harvard Student Council president Howard Phillips, successfully goaded the NSA leadership into facing up to measures calculated to show how far to the left even of the Kennedy Administration NSA was committed. Phillips' demonstration argued the impossibility for non-ritualistic Liberals of continuing to work within the bureaucratized, lavishly-financed and highly-ideologized NSA. Kay Wonderlic of Northwestern University, who had campaigned for nonpartisan procedural reform, confessed to the apparent hopelessness of a reform movement designed to seriously canvass political sentiment among students.

However, toward the end, things began to look up. A minority resolution supporting the House Committee on Un-American Activities (with some reservations) was defeated by the surprisingly narrow vote of 236 to 216, with 24 not present. NSA leaders were so upset by the undisciplined response to their directives that they postponed consideration of the majority resolution (calling for outright abolition) until that evening. Every pressure was meanwhile brought to bear on the delegates who had dared to dissent. When the final tally was taken, Operation Abolition was rammed through by a vote of 269 to 156. But even the vote of 156 was an enormous improvement on the few dozen votes the conservatives had been able to muster at the beginning of the Congress. A beachhead has been established.

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Four Poems

DONALD HALL

The Moon

A woman who lived
in a tree caught
the moon in a kettle.

The wind on the roof
of the tree thumped
while she built her fire.

She boiled it down
to a flat bean
to set on her plate.

When she raised her fork
the moon spoke
of the fires of earth

where a wax eye waned
and women ate
the crops of the sky.

She swallowed the moon
and the moon grew
like a child inside her.

When the wind flew away
she mounted
the steps of the air

to bear the moon
on a dark bed
in the house of the night.

She nurses him
while the wind perches
like a migrating bird

in the void branches
of a tree, beside
a cold kettle.

The Child

He lives among a dog,
a tricycle, and a friend.
Nobody owns him.

He walks by himself, beside
the black pool, in the cave
where icicles of rock

rain hard water,
and the walls are rough
with the light of stone.

He hears some low talking
without words.
The hand of a wind touches him.

He walks until he is tired
or somebody calls him.
Then he leaves right away.

In his eyes, later,
as he sits on his tricycle,
the black waters rise.

The Poem

It discovers by night
what the day hid from it.
Sometimes it turns itself
into an animal.
At other times it pretends
to be something like a jacknife.
In summer it takes long walks
by itself where meadows
fold back from ditches.
Once it stood still
in a quiet row of machines.
Who knows
what it is thinking?
It loves itself.

"I Have Visited Men's Rooms..."

I have visited men's rooms
in several bars
with the rows
of urinals like old men
and the six-sided odor
of disinfectant.
I have felt the sadness
of the small white tiles,
of the repeated shapes
and the unavoidable whiteness.
I have understood
that some afternoon
when it rains and the streets
blacken with umbrellas,
a white army
from all of the men's rooms
will gather in the streets
and block traffic in the city squares.
They will complain of the sadness
of things as they are.
I have decided
that later when signs
reflect in reverse
on the wet pavements,
they will return to the bars
like shiny sheep
dragging their plumbing
behind them.

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A Child's Garden of Candidates

MURRAY KEMPTON

President Kennedy has both held his votaries and soothed the uneasy. One hears, it is true, much less about the abrasive stuff of greatness; one feels at the same time the soft folds of comfort. Mr. Buckley and I seem a little restless in the hills; still, each of us has the consolation that, for the moment, the country is safe from the other one.

Theodore White's history of the 1960 campaign marches through this unresisting air. *The Making of the President* would, I am sure, be a natural success if Mr. White's industry were less formidable and his excitement less contagious. Mr. White's commission is handsomer by the result even so; it would be hard to conceive sales figures this crashing if the crooks downstate had outpilfered the crooks in Chicago and Mr. Nixon were now our President. The Democratic Party is the opiate of the literate.

Our age demands assurance and oblation. Mr. White is the proper historian for it, if not for those ages to come, because the most basic of his many commendable disciplines is the heroic suppression of any impulse to irony. He grew up in the service of Henry Luce. The notion of *Time's* honor seldom survives the third editorial conference; but the illusion of *Time's* consequence endures until the last breath; it pursued T. S. Matthews to London;

The Making of the President 1960 by Theodore H. White. Atheneum $6.95

engages Mr. White still. At one juncture he quite seriously describes Henry Luce as "the single most important influence on the minds and opinions of America." He has conquered all *Time's* bad small habits if he ever had any of them; he is, for example, above that stable's habit of inventing quotations. But he remains rooted in its worst habit, which is the celebration of mediocrity.

The thirties were terribly destructive of the individual posture of irony. Unfortunately, to avoid irony in oneself is to risk being the cause of irony in others. Mr. White, along with the suppression of interior irony, carries the natural defect of being an immensely agreeable man, a blessing in company but a curse at the typewriter. Agreeability is the occupational hazard of journalism. And Mr. White is so damned agreeable. As an historian he is heavy with general portent—the proper clouds never leave the land—but still profligate with the comfort that we are in the best of hands.

Detachment might impel the notion that, beyond the peril of conscious foreign enemies, this nation must pay somewhere for a politics which could offer only the five senators and Nelson Rockefeller as serious candidates for the Presidency. Critical observation of these men would produce in the best cases a troubled estimate; in one at least the critical eye would burst with shock and horror.

Yet Mr. White cannot concede any one of them a station inferior to Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke. Senator Symington, a decent man whose natural good judgment is seldom complicated by intellectual effort, treads these boards with a personality that "either in Germany or in Britain guarantees a brilliant parliamentary career . . . [He] is a virtuoso of modern executive administration."

One reads such sentences and feels the iron and canker of envy at the power of an observer who can find diamonds where the rest of us can remember only honest earth. But, as gleaming sample, he can offer only one restless monologue and that one, I am afraid, altered to add weight and substance to the message by excising the "well, old fellows" and "see here, old fellows" with which Senator Symington is accustomed to dilute the passions of his delivery to interviewers.

Governor Rockefeller is, we are told in the same fashion, "brilliant and unpredictable," although the only extended sample of his political thought to be found herein was written for him, as Mr. White indicates, by Emmett Hughes. "The Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts, a Rockefeller project, is," he says, "designed to be the most fantastic monument of man's spirit since Athens." If the Rockefellers can do more for the West Side of Manhattan than the Barberinis could do for Rome and Blanche of Castille for Chartres—and all this without a Borromini or a Bernini or the unknown masters of the Portals—then I shall be surprised into conceding Mr. White's point; the prospect of such capitulation is not spacious.

Richard Nixon does rather strain his agreeability, but it is proof even to this temptation to fall. Nixon's, he says, is a major talent. I salute Mr. White for conquering his one impulse to dislike a figure in the chronicle. But I do not remember that the adjuration to charity required hyperbole of his believer. Mr. Nixon is as major a talent as the next man, in his case James Mitchell on some occasions, and Karl Mundt on others.

But his talent—by other agreeable men I have heard it described as a genius—was putatively for winning elections. His 1960 campaign is the work by which that talent must be judged; concededly it was a dreadful botch. The man, at the crisis of his craft, alone before that great canvas,

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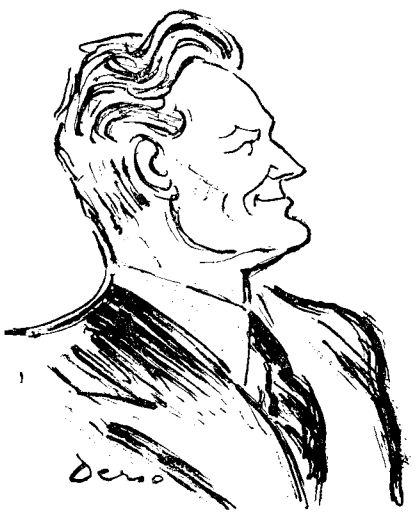
passed into a state of shock sometime in October, rousing only to complain and endure. The mystery of his collapse is too much for Mr. White, as it is too much for me. He wrestles with it with dedicated endurance and is commendably frank when he surrenders.

MR. WHITE'S habit of overrating his subjects produced a blindness to detail. We have mass but no proportion. *The Making of the President* is a classic to a society which seems to have forgotten most of all that the measure of a classic is a measure of its sense of proportion. Mr. White does exercise some sense of proportion in his estimate of Nixon—Nixon being a loser; the effort is judicious and the result sound within its limits. The limit is any moment of simple creative leap.

He thinks of Nixon as anxiety-ridden, rootless, and self-pitying. The



man, in fairness, has every reason to be all these things. Even I always thought poor Nixon a man doomed to dreadful public embarrassments.

Caracas was such a conspicuous moment; it was inevitable, given the man and the conditions. Mobs do not throw rocks at a man upon whom the habit of command sits assured. No matter what the polls said, poor Nixon was somehow marked for a concession on television at some horrid hour of the night, with poor Mrs. Nixon weeping beside him. It goes without saying that he brought both dignity and gallantry to the occasion; the man was raised for moments like this. Could anyone find the Lodges?

Mr. White exempts Nixon from all large sins, and quite correctly. But again his sense of proportion goes unsummoned to the problem. The sobriquet "Tricky Dick" is, he says, "that meanest, unmerited epithet." It was not unmerited; it was mean only to the extent of its application to Nixon in isolation. Most politicians are tricky.

Perhaps the most revealing of Mr. White's reflections on the American political process comes from the Wisconsin primary when Hubert Humphrey dictated an attack on Kennedy to the assembled press and then went off the record to "hang his head like a boy and take the edge off by saying 'I'll have a lot more to say later, and it'll all be petty and cheap too.'"

Mr. White avoids most other occasions when the politician is acting from an empty belly; and the only case he picks is one in which Senator Humphrey revealed himself and rather handsomely too. There are no other exceptions to his rule that there is something improper about disliking a politician, and certainly Senator Humphrey emerges from this anecdote more likeable than most of us, who do not know him well, are accustomed to think him. After reading it, I am sorry I could not vote for him.

But, in the interest of national unity, Mr. White seems to have repressed any impulse to ask Senator Johnson precisely what impelled him, in the late hours of the Democratic convention, to discover in public that Senator Kennedy's father had been pro-Nazi.

Mr. Nixon, lacking property, plays the game this way. He does it, I think, badly (in the presence of any educated observer), because he does it on occasion without the excuse of necessity—a political excuse—and he always does it self-consciously. The reason for the latter weakness has, I am afraid, its pathetic side; Mr. Nixon is cursed by the illusion that he is playing dirty with his betters. He seems to have, as an instance, an immense respect for both President Truman and Adlai E. Stevenson; yet his style has dictated a reach into the outer limits of insinuation against them.

A politician is happier if he can discover an honest contempt for the other side. A great part of President Kennedy's style as a campaigner was

due to the contempt he was able to develop for the Vice President as an opponent. President Eisenhower needed nothing as a campaigner; but one thing that made it possible for him to sleep well at least was his capacity to respond with immense contempt to anyone who brought the sense of proportion to judging *him,* let alone anyone unfortunate enough to be his opponent.

The career and present disaster of Mr. Nixon may be just one more laboratory exercise in the great lesson of Scott Fitzgerald that the very rich are not like you and me. The Vice President went to New York to treat with Governor Rockefeller not merely because he recognized the majesty of the New York Republican Party but because in the meagre world of his childhood there was majesty to the name and fortune of Rockefeller. He kept deferring to Senator Kennedy for some of the same reason.

One man whom I have the best of reasons to know as the most fallible of prophets was struggling last summer to explain why he thought Kennedy had to win. He came closest when someone observed that there was very little difference between the two men. "There is," he answered, "one great difference. Seventy million dollars." His auditors left unconvinced, because he had failed to mention that he was talking about an interior, not an exterior, difference.

BUT I am being unfair to Mr. White. It is not his fault that he does not ask

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himself the questions I ask myself, when so many of them are cranky and tangential. But some of them are, I think, fundamental. They are at the heart of the mystery, which the best of our journalists neglect for the mere pursuit of gossip.

1) *To what extent, for example, are politicians a fraternity armed against their enemies the voters?*

My memory drags up as an instance only one contribution from Mr. White to our understanding of Senator Goldwater ("a forceful personality and one respected enough by Kennedy to be called by him 'civilized' "). This is not the kind of compliment evoked by Robert A. Taft. Taft was certainly a gentleman, as Goldwater is a gentleman, but there were other qualities for which Mr. Buckley and I maintain our only common bond of political nostalgia. Ours is a society where the word "civilized" means "housebroken." We deal, I am afraid, with professional wrestlers.

Simple-minded persons believe in the general existence of different ideologies: would their education not have been served by a detailed account of the events up to the climax when, having denounced John F. Kennedy before all America as a do-little Senator, Lyndon Johnson embraced him two days later as his senior officer? For example, to what

extent was Hubert Humphrey, when he entered this Wisconsin primary an unconscious pig in the mine fields for Senator Johnson? And what of the Johnson-Rayburn campaign to soften up Walter Reuther? We would, I should suspect, be reading about a man playing a bad hand with incredible skill; even though, with an imagination less lofty, he would have had smaller hopes for the bid in the first place. We lose a great deal when a Rockefeller is raised to the level of a Lyndon Johnson; the Greeks had a point when they decreed that the truly consequential characters should wear elevated shoes to show their difference from the others.

2) *What sort of mind does John F. Kennedy really have?*

Mr. White pays the usual homage to Kennedy as an historian. The

President's citations from history are tag-ends of quotations. The men who interest him most seem to be Melbourne and Marlborough, each of whom was an enormously attractive man but depressingly insular. The President's dictionary of quotations is historical but seldom literary; someone unearthed for him a lovely citation from T. S. Eliot but its charm was more topical than lyrical; I suspect the Frost quotation was lifted from Adlai Stevenson. These are marks of a quick mind but hardly a cultivated one.

Yet we have our first Catholic President. The difficulties of being a Catholic candidate fill many of Mr. White's pages. The only Kennedy campaign document he reprints in full is labeled "The candidate's remarks on church and state as delivered to the Protestant ministers of Houston." The candidate habitually described Catholicism as "my religious affiliation"—as though it were a party label.

The interior of a candidate is irrelevant; for good or ill, Richard Nixon now belongs to the people of California. But a President's interior is of genuine consequence. A Catholic President is an adventure. Catholicism is both a creed and a tradition; is poor Richard Nixon so much less rooted than a Catholic indifferent to that tradition?

Mr. White avoids this subject with the delicacy accepted by our political commentary. Still, there *is* a Catholic politics even in America! Senators Eugene McCarthy and Dodd may be said to represent opposite tendencies in our own Christian Democracy. Both Dodd and McCarthy, who agree on few subjects, were united in personally inconvenient gestures to stop Kennedy's nomination. I remember wondering with a colleague why McCarthy mounted the hot gates so much too late to make that extraordinary speech for Adlai Stevenson—if we must talk about ornaments to the House of Commons, let us talk about performances on this level—and my friend said, but, of course, "Gene must have decided that he is a bad Senator and a bad Catholic."

I doubt if Senator McCarthy would offer so extreme a judgment of his motives in this case, since it happens to be a breach both of Senate and Christian courtesy, which last comes from within. But certainly our President is more Ghibelline than Guelph; and, much beyond that, he is more neither than either; and this indifference must have disturbed both Dodd and McCarthy.

It disturbs me too. We have again been cheated of the prospect of a Catholic President in a nation where religion is so sacred a subject as to be outside the realm of engaged discussion. The President may well have been cheated too—by a man otherwise the best of fathers—because he was denied a Catholic education.

A Catholic education treats England as a province of Europe, which is the proper way. An American secular education treats Europe as the place Englishmen go on trips. How different might Roosevelt and Wilson have been if they had approached Europe with the humility of men landing on the sacred soil of the Mother of Us All rather than, as transplanted Englishmen, tripping across the channel! We have in Mr. Kennedy been cheated of a possible difference; he goes to Versailles but never to the Sainte Chapelle. The Catholic Church is no more a "religious affiliation" than Henry the

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Eighth was a defender of the faith; it is the faith and the tradition of a Polish cardinal who can stand in a Warsaw pulpit and call out "Remember, You Caesars" and be the embodiment of two thousand years of the pride of God, which can annoy almost as often as it can awe but which can never be disregarded. Senator Kennedy is a Catholic who seeks moral elevation in the lives of Senators; the Cardinal looks at Warsaw and remembers as though it were yesterday the pit and the lions and the pagans in their seats and the torches made from the bodies of Christians lighting the Appian Way.

Is it a small deficiency that the President's attitude towards this particular heritage is a subject outside Mr. White's interest, which does not pass beyond the assurance that we are safe from the dangerous adventure that heritage, inconveniently felt, might represent? I suppose it is a small deficiency and that any reference to such matters in our journalism is bad taste, if not blasphemy; but I confess it troubles me and I should like to hear it discussed.

3) *Who is consequential to the play and who is not?* Mr. White cannot seem to tell us; it's that damned agreeability again. He uses the word "brilliant" with a lack of discrimination which would shock the most uncritical reader of an American book review. At one point, in fact, when he reels before the limitless endowments of some Lowell, Mass., lawyer, the word has come worn so shabby even for him that he feels the impulse to describe the subject, whose name I forget, as "coruscatingly brilliant."

In all this assemblage, limned with the exuberance, the luxuriance, but unfortunately also the taste of Benozzo Gozzoli, we lose among others Robert F. Kennedy, the Bernard De Clairvaux of the family, a man of vast and healthy intolerance, a man capable of being disagreeable every now and then, in short a man who cares. Robert Kennedy is lost among the Larry O'Briens, the Whizzer Whites and the Kenny O'Donnells and "the extraordinarily able and articulate administrative assistant to Senator Monroney." Mr. White may be describing a desert, but, by heaven, he will not permit any flower to blush unseen or, once seen, to be distinguishable from any weed.

The whole has its excitement, a quality most easily obtainable by sacrificing the sense of irony. A ridiculous process gains excitement when treated with high seriousness. But there is that cost in enjoyment. We have learned since the twenties—or at least we have been incessantly told—that life is all portent. No political commentator who wants to be taken seriously will ever again make Mencken's mistake—the consequence of a heart too light—of underrating Roosevelt or even Hoover.

Instead, he will be serious and responsible. And to prove his possession of these drear qualities, he will manfully overrate not just Kennedy, Nixon, Rockefeller and Symington but every spear carrier in their comedy.

A Silent Movie of Europe

J. D. FUTCH

MR. JOHN GUNTHER—it says—is the world's foremost political reporter, a truly great journalist. His latest *Inside* job only raises the question, what *is* a great journalist? Whatever the answer may be, it probably has something to do with a reporter's ability to bring his readers some kind of exceptionally penetrating insight into the nature of the political or social reality he writes about. If these standards have any relevance at all, an agonizing reappraisal of Mr. Gunther is going to be in order one of these days. Of course, it *is* an achievement of sorts that he can undertake a staggering job of travel, interviews, and compilation of facts and figures and then, with a little judicious omission here and special emphasis there, come up with just the same dismally predictable old Liberal sop that could have been cooked up right in his own study.

***Inside Europe Today*, by John Gunther. Harper, $4.95**

Mr. Gunther's new book, like its predecessors, is a thorough and wide-ranging piece of work, and here and there a sound idea rears its head, *e.g.*, his warning against the snares of "peaceful coexistence." But everywhere the dead hand of leftist orthodoxy shows through awkwardly; for instance, in his frequent reliance on tired-out bogey-words like "feudal" and "reactionary." People Mr. Gunther makes a point of not liking are feudal and reactionary, not to say feudal reactionaries: conservative Catholic Church circles, south Italian peasants, prewar Hungarian landowners, the old French officer corps. Dangerous characters of that ilk.

All the villains of the Liberal hate-parade are dragged in for the ritual flaying somewhere or other in *Inside Europe Today's* 350-odd pages: Franco, Soustelle, Portuguese colonialism, Marshal Juin, and even Europe's anti-Communist dictatorships of the twenties and thirties. And there is a rousing cheer for the Children of Light and their Good Works—Britain's National Health Service in particular and the welfare state in general, Pierre Mendès-France, Iain Macleod, the Macmillan of the "winds of change" speech, and the "healthy" breakaway of the British and French colonies and consequent influx of African nations into the UN.

DID you know that "it is always dangerous for a democracy like the United States to become too closely involved with a dictator or semi-dictator, no matter how convenient this may seem to be"? (No, no, we don't mean Stalin and Tito and Gomulka and Kadar. We mean Franco and Salazar, people like *that.*) Did you know that the *colons* are responsible for the trouble in Algeria and that the French army and police include torture among their techniques? (The FLN too? Why, no, that isn't mentioned here.) That the FLN, by the way, is "certainly" not Communist? That Italian right-wingers Segni, Pella, and "Communist-chasing" Mario Scelba are "somewhat shopworn," while leftist ideologues Fanfani and Enrico Mattei are the greatest thing to hit the country since spaghetti?

The real value of this summer special doesn't appear, however, until we get to Mr. Gunther's discussion of Soviet Europe. There are doubtless thousands of undergraduates who have gotten the idea that events in

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eastern Europe since 1945 are comparable only to the orgies of murder and expropriation accompanying the Mongol and Turkish invasions of those lands centuries ago. The past fifteen years have seen a catastrophe of epochal proportions—one of history's great shipwrecks. And yet one searches in vain for some intimation that Mr. Gunther has really grasped the significance and extent of this gigantic tragedy.

On the other hand, the Liberal Conscience is unforgetting and unforgiving of the sins of Horthy and Dollfuss and Pilsudski a generation ago, and Mr. Gunther's first care is to prosecute the old vendetta. Poland? We find that Gomulka has done more for peasants than Pilsudski did, even though it is freely admitted that not one of the Red satellite regimes could survive a free election today. Not even Gomulka's.

It would be futile to dwell on the Gunther version of Tito's Yugoslavia of the new Poland ("the only Warsaw Pact member with substantial civil liberties"; "scarcely . . . a true satellite at all"), and even of Kadar's Hungary, "the satellite which, next to Poland, probably has the best record of civil liberties." Who knows? Maybe better than Spain or Alabama.

So there it is. Placid reconciliation to a Communist eastern Europe and to welfarism in the West, to the charnel house and the zoo: this is what we find inside John Gunther. If there is little sign of concern for what the establishment of such debased and demoralized Marxist civilization will do to Europe, cradle of man's greatest culture and scene of his supreme spiritual and esthetic triumphs, never mind; there is at least an ample dose of moral indignation against the unspeakable Francisco Franco. Such is The Intelligent Traveler's Guide to Europe for 1961, complete with playback of everything and everybody Mr. Gunther disliked there twenty-five years ago.

Mold for a Secular Stereotype

M. STANTON EVANS

THE FREEDOM of the West is a product of the Christian tradition. The right of choice implies alternative sources of value, and Christianity nourishes an ultimate conviction inviolate from secular authority. The Christian renders to Caesar what is Caesar's, but reserves to God the first and final loyalty which is God's.

Intellectual Schizophrenia, by R. J. Rushdoony. Presbyterian and Reformed Publishing Co., $2.75

Depending from this great central conception are many subsidiary sources of value. Bound by a common faith, Western society has been able to countenance a freedom of intellect and action, leaving men free to pursue their individuated conceptions of the good. This "cultural pluralism," premised in the belief that man owes complete allegiance to no earthly sovereign, is the first condition of the free society. If freedom is to be destroyed, therefore, plural sources of loyalty must be abolished. Man's commitments must be homogenized into a single loyalty, devotion to one absolute temporal power which has a total line on his affections and his energies.

It is the modern effort to do just this, to mold Western man to a secular stereotype, which is the subject of R. J. Rushdoony's *Intellectual Schizophrenia*. Mr. Rushdoony, a Presbyterian minister in Santa Cruz, California, has written a book which, both in its circumambulatory style and its challenging content, is reminiscent of José Ortega y Gasset. Like Ortega, Mr. Rushdoony requires, and rewards, close reading.

His thesis is that Liberal ideology is a form of political Black Mass—an invasion, and intensification, of the evils of theocracy. In ancient tyrannies, even when not overtly theocratic, secular rulers often clothed their actions in the authority of the supernatural. Witch doctors, soothsayers and assorted shamans were called upon to signify that the behavior of kings was ordained in heaven. This observation has led many critics of religion to charge that belief in the supernatural *per se* is the source of authoritarianism.

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religious conviction has declined and freedom has not been thereby increased. For the enemy of freedom is not supernaturalism, but the heresy of investing earthly powers with the authority of the supernatural. Theocracy fails to recognize that the hereafter cannot be immanent in the state—that the imperatives of the mundane and the spiritual are separate and distinct, involving discrete systems of affirmation and modes of decision.

Instead of correcting this error, Liberalism inverted it. Disavowing man's spiritual dimension altogether, the Liberal simply deifies the material and the secular, and sanctifies the authorities which manipulate it. And, having obscured the great alternative focus of value, he proceeds to attack the subsidiary sources of loyalty in Western culture. In sanctifying the state, he has created his own unitary ethic—what Norman Mailer calls "the theology of atheism"—which he seeks to impose upon the diversity of America.

It is this quest for "unity" which creates the "schizophrenia" in Mr. Rushdoony's title. The modern Liberal, disavowing religious truth, may say there is no ultimate purpose to life, but he acts—indeed, must act—as if it had a very serious purpose indeed. The human psyche demands the form and structure which, in its reverse eschatology, Liberalism has sought to eradicate from the universe; thus the Liberal searches desperately for secular unity—one world, one government, one community, one race. And since that unity cannot be achieved voluntarily, it must be achieved by force. Thus we find, Rushdoony says, that "our society today, despite its pretensions, is not pluralistic, except with regard to religion, which it considers a matter of indifference. In all else it is monolithic."

How does Liberalism seek to impose its single ethic? There are many influences involved, of course, but Rushdoony singles out one in particular—the public school. Exposing generation after generation to the same regimen, increasingly devoid of religious content, the public school tends to preclude the development of religious loyalties and non-statist commitments. "Statist education," he charges, "is the bulwark of the statist concept of life, enabling it to mold the child to its faith and to obliterate every form of non-statist culture." With Liberalism, as with theocracy, a "single culture is demanded, and the public school must create it. Hence, every group believing in and seeking to control that new leviathan and grand monolith seeks control of the public school."

The sins of the public school, Rushdoony says, are essentially four: First, it puts the state *in loco parentis*, so that "even if the parents are better able to educate their children . . . the state still claims sole right to determine the nature, extent, and time of education." Second, attendance is made the subject of coercion, inimical to the spirit of education. Third, subsisting on tax funds, it becomes devoted to its own political advantage, rather than to the ends of pedagogy. And fourth, professing to disbelieve in truth, it has no criteria by which to gauge excellence in learning.

Progressivist and other malfeasances are thus, in Rushdoony's view, not perversions of the public school's function, but *necessary consequences of it.* As an instrument of the state, the school inevitably gravitates to doctrines congenial to statist ambitions.

Rushdoony reaches the stark conclusion that, if we are to restore our freedoms, we must, *inter alia*, not simply reform the public schools, but get rid of them. "A free and pluralistic society," he says, "requires the abolition of the public school and the tax support of the school in favor of a pluralistic education." Where the public schools tend toward uniformity in their teaching, and are supported by compulsory tax levies, private and church-related schools subsist by parental volition, and offer curricula congenial to the values of their private sponsors and patrons. In keeping with the spirit of freedom, the parent is given a choice among institutions, attendance is not compelled, the school is not hostage to the fortunes of politics, and the norms of religious truth may receive proper recognition.

Mr. Rushdoony's recommended surgery is certain to excite the horror of those to whom the public schools have become a sacred institution; yet it it doubtful whether those who would disagree with his prescriptions

Books of Interest

America—Too Young to Die, by Major Alexander P. de Seversky (McGraw-Hill, $4.95). *Stopping* oncoming planes and missiles through utilizing the sophistication of American science is Major de Seversky's prescription for military supremacy—too direct, perhaps, to merit serious consideration by the uncommitted minds tangled in the "realities" of emerging nations and world opinion.

The Violent Season, by Robert Goulet (Braziller, $4.50). A Canadian *Peyton Place,* which ends with a mob of outraged housewives burning down the local cathouse, while lumberjacks stand sheepishly by and the air is heavy with the smell of roasting *poules.*

The Future of Our Cities, by Robert A. Futterman (Doubleday, $4.95). Predictions about the investment prospects in 19 American cities, from a boy-wonder developer whose own mushrooming empire suggests that he is often quite right. (Among his conclusions is Norfolk, *sí*; Los Angeles, no.)

Memed, My Hawk, by Yashar Kemal (Pantheon, $4.95). European readers have apparently thought well of this Turkish epic about a bold-armed Robin Hood who tyrannized tyrants in the bad old days, but author Kemal makes it all seem as stagey and improbable (though never for a moment as charming) as too many reels of Doug Fairbanks Sr.

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can very well confute his diagnosis. His book, though compact and elliptical, is a valuable contribution to the critique of Liberal relativism, and of the agencies through which it works its subversion of the American mind.

In Dominguín's Dressing Room

Death One Afternoon

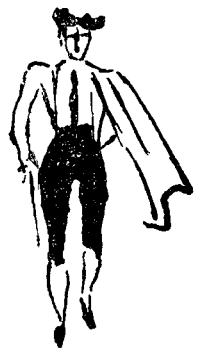
PETER CRUMPET

Not in years had he visited Spain. But the rubicund giant with bullish shoulders and noncommittal eyes lifted anticipation from the level of pure spectacle to the promise of something more lasting than two dusty hours balanced bloodily between horns. That broiling afternoon in August of 1959, the southeastern Andalusian seaport of Málaga was in ferment. Two previous encounters had shown that Luis Miguel Dominguín, the great matador from Madrid, and Antonio Ordóñez, the challenger from Ronda, meant to fight out the question of supremacy.

Many had expected Dominguín, twelve years uncontested *Número Uno*, publicity-seeker and womanizer, to fold, funk under the murderous pressure. Two weeks earlier he had been gored, and badly. But the aging professional was digging his heels into the sand. He did not mean to relinquish his crown to the younger man whose bright flame had sparked superlatives from the critics most convinced that the arena was in hopeless degeneracy.

The specter of death had entered the duel, no doubt about it, and death-loving Spaniards at sidewalk cafés talked about nothing but the coming *mano-a-mano*. Sipping the sweet Málaga wine, they related over and over again how Manolete, the incomparable, had been pressed by the brash young Dominguín into the horns that killed him. Poetic justice felt the more savage, if Ordóñez returned the favor. And present in Málaga to immortalize a drama that might outdazzle anything in bullfight history was the American genius Spaniards considered the world's greatest living writer.

Beard and hair were white now. The dignity of age had settled on his powerful physique. That square skull had been fashioned by nature to support laurels, and had been heaped high. Perhaps nowhere more than in Spain are the writings of Ernest Hemingway admired. The starkness of his prose, so translatable, is aped by aspiring authors. His fatalism strikes deep Iberian chords. He fought on the wrong side during Spain's apocalyptic war. No matter. *The Sun Also Rises*, known as *Fiesta* in Europe, captured the Spanish imagination. The Franco press did not stint praise. Humble people swallowed him in crowds. His was a compelling romance—the old warrior of letters returned to the scenes of his youth, come to observe the soaring star of Ordóñez, son of the bullfighter he had used as the matador prototype for *Fiesta*. Hemingway had never subscribed to the mystical devotion for Manolete. He had stated publicly his admiration for the skill of Dominguín. How would he react to the passionate Andalusian art of Ordóñez, who was another Manolete come alive?



Style was the man, in the case of Ernest Hemingway. His style was his philosophy. It is important to note the difference in style between Dominguín and Ordóñez. Dominguín stood for Castilian sobriety. He was, superlatively, a *domador*. In triumph after triumph, beginning with autumn of 1958 and including his first encounter with a sluggish Ordóñez, he displayed his superb domination of the brute beasts. But Ordóñez fried him in their second encounter. Fully as accomplished as Dominguín, a hot, southern beauty invested every motion, so that blood throbbed in eardrums and the hearts of young women palpitated. Beside him, Dominguín seemed as cold as an academy. Antonio Ordóñez possesses the tragic sense.

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By Lionel Lokos

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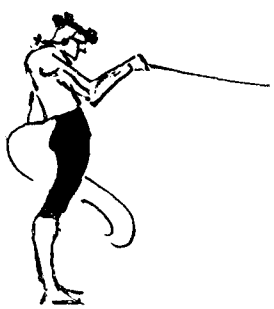
This was the rubber match. "Now we will see," was the attitude of the multitudes who shoved to their seats on the baking stone of Málaga's *plaza de toros*. The bulls were brave, powerful, noble—vital to the culminating thrust of the sword. The rivals fought as neither had ever fought before. There were no faults. Soon there was no strength left in the audience for the booming *olés*. Within minutes, the most ignorant tourist realized that he would not experience an afternoon like this again.

Ordóñez unfurled his *verónicas* with that leisured intensity that gripped everybody in a suspense of held breath, to explode at the end of a sequence in a roar that shook the stadium. Thousands yanked themselves to their feet with his first flourish of the short red death cape. He crooked his head and shoulders in that peculiar posture that gives him his special *salero*, teasing the bulls through pace after pace, drawing them as if his muleta were a magnet and the horns steel nubs hypnotized. Men hugged each other.



One old fellow sat and shed tears. When Dominguín received his second bull, the old aficionado simply shook his head, incapable of absorbing more.

Dominguín did not disappoint his adherents. He limited himself to the purest expression of his art, carrying himself with an erect confidence that is alone pleasing to the eye. He did not bend to the bulls with the thrilling hunger of Ordóñez; he stood like a marble, feet planted, and demanded obedience from the bulls. In one grand consummation, he burned out his resources. The second bull tossed him; charged for the kill; missed transfixing him by millimeters. Dominguín staggered to his feet. He waved his peons off. He waved Ordóñez away. Doubled over, clasping his groin, he waited a moment. He straightened his graceful body. He cited the bull. The bull attacked. Feet rooted, almost indifferent, Dominguín executed five consecutive *naturales*, classic passes of extreme danger and difficulty, the most perfect passes in that long afternoon of skills wrought to perfection.

Who received the laurel? It was a choice of excellences. But Ordóñez is an artist, an artist in the first rank of the tragic tradition.

I did not think of that on my way up to Dominguín's hotel suite. He was lying in bed, his followers hovering anxiously as a doctor took the raw lips of the round deep wound in the groin and pressed them together manually, needle flashing in and out of the flesh. Luis Miguel was very pale. He said to me, "It was a good fight, I think. The crowd was pleased?"

He was as dead, I realized, as Manolete.

Ernest Hemingway walked up. One hand gestured idly towards the wound. He said a few words I did not catch. Dominguín answered softly. Hemingway nodded.

Ernest Hemingway lingered in the parlor a moment, face sunburned, whiskers very white. He wore slacks and a faded umber-red shortsleeved sport shirt. He smelled of animal smells, the wine he drank such gargantuan lots of, the garlic he chewed, the sour mash of the sweat under his armpits—a hoary monolith in that roomful of nervous sycophants, withdrawn, perhaps even suffering. I have asked myself since, did he then decide to favor Ordóñez in his article for *Life*? It was an act of courage, if so. Hemingway had witnessed, and acknowledged, superior art.

Why did he kill himself? It seems indecent to add another speculation. A mutual friend tells me his facial cancer had spread all over his body. He could no longer fish and hunt and drink: his pleasures. But I have wondered often, did Hemingway recently read over *Fiesta*? Was he struck by what a dead novel it is? A tiny portion of his work will live forever. He did what he could with his unillumined, *domador's* art, his pruned and often boorish (and sometimes majestic) prose. But Ordóñez, whom he ended hero-worshipping, belongs to a rank above the Dominguíns of literature. Was Hemingway brought to realize the limitations of his talent that gold and glorious afternoon?

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HOUSE WITHOUT A ROOF, by Maurice Hindus (Doubleday, $6.95). This is Maurice Hindus' twentieth book, all of them on Russia and most of them employing the "I was there" technique. He is still supporting the thesis that we are living in an age of peasant—not proletarian—revolutions; but the real stuff of the work is his almost incredible ability to meet all sorts of Soviet citizens and to recall his conversations with them in elaborate detail. In this book, based upon visits to the USSR in 1958 and 1960, he is deeply impressed by changes, almost all of them for the better, he maintains, which he has discovered there. While he doesn't neglect the seamy side (Lenin's comment on the peasant that "Either we choke him or he chokes us," the continuing mistreatment of Jews, etc.), the emphasis is on the "improvements." The reader will probably enjoy this skillfully written book but will agree less with Hindus about how good things are than with the Russian woman who told him, "We are happy that things are quiet now, but we have no assurance that the purges won't recur."

W. D. JACOBS

POEMS, by George Seferis, translated by Rex Warner (Little, Brown, $3.75). George Seferis is the Greek ambassador to London, living a double life as diplomat-poet, like Claudel. And as Claudel is haunted by the great cathedrals of France, Seferis is pursued by the ancient Furies and classical Helen. He writes of waking from a dream to find a marble head in his hands, a burden and badge of honor that he must carry with him through life, forever asking it unanswered questions: "I peer into the eyes, neither shut nor open, I speak to the mouth which is always trying to speak." That poem cannily sounds its own sources; and limns, with a push against them, its own limits. All the work of Seferis has the strength, yet the self-trammeling quality, of obsessive memory—giving the poems, ultimately, a dream-like sameness. But it is a dream all Western men must share, a burden that we find in our hands when we wake.

G. WILLS

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To the Editor

New Frontier

Congratulations on your August 12th editorial calling for an Atlantic Common Market. This is the genuine new frontier, and it is a thrill to see the challenge made by staunch conservatives. Look for this proposal to come out of the NATO exploratory convention this winter. . . .

Odessa, Fla. JANE K. ELLIGETT

Tribute to Whittaker Chambers

This is just a note to say that I thought NATIONAL REVIEW rendered a significant public service in publishing the eloquent eulogies to Whittaker Chambers [July 29].

I shared the sentiments which were expressed but beyond that, I believe that Whittaker Chambers, who was one of this generation's great editors in his own right, would have given the highest marks to the pieces about him for their literary quality.

Los Angeles, Cal. RICHARD NIXON

God and Man at NR

As a Catholic college graduate and professor, I want to compliment L. Brent Bozell on his handling of a difficult topic in "The Strange Drift of Liberal Catholicism" [August 12]. Just when Catholicism in America is emerging from its minority complexes into respectability, it is suffering from a widening rift between, for want of better words, conservatism and "liberalism." . . .

One can confidently assume, however, that when the chips will be down, when the ultimate showdown with the Communist conspiracy will have to be faced, the so-called liberal Catholics will move firmly to the right.

Philadelphia, Pa. AUSTIN J. APP, PH.D.

Let me thank you for Mr. Bozell's article on Catholic Liberalism. Every Catholic ought to take that article, read it, study it and inwardly digest it. The logic is really unanswerable. It is positively devastating—from a Liberal standpoint.

Memphis, Tenn. EDWARD J. GAIA

The last two issues of NATIONAL REVIEW were outstanding and memorable because of two striking articles. The first by Mr. Bozell on Catholic Liberalism, and the second by William Buckley in reply to the attack by the editor of *America* re the Encyclical *Mater et Magistra*. Never before have I read such convincing and crushing refutations.

Ossining, N.Y. M. J. HOGAN

Mr. Bozell performed a courageous service in holding up the mirror to Catholic Liberalism. . . .

We naturally think of the Church as *Mater et Magistra*, but of recent years the teaching voice, in social doctrine matters, that reaches us from her press, is not the authentic voice of her traditional and divinely-inspired wisdom, but rather the voice of a small group who use the cloak of her ageless wisdom to help them palm off on the laity their own uninspired doctrines. . . .

Monmouth, Ill. ELMER F. BOUR

Truths—Simple or Complex?

From the latest column of Frank S. Meyer ["Enough of This Nonsense!" August 26]: "inherent," "putative multiple circumnavigation," "masochistic," "egregiously," "sophistication of instrumentation," "proto-collectivist stupor," "degeneration of the Western ethos," "inexorable logical extension of materialist premises," etc. He ends by calling on us to "assert again . . . the truths of our heritage."

I wish Mr. Meyer would try to put those truths into simple enough Anglo-Saxon for some of us out here on the prairie to figure out what he is talking about.

Topeka, Kan. GRANT R. WOOD

Some truths are complex. —F.S.M.

Shootin' from the Hip

Now you're talkin'. I mean the article in the last *NR* called "The Grinslingers." *NR* needs some more real shootin' from the hip style of writin' and it looks like that Morressy is the fellow to do it.

For example, I picked up *NR* last evening after browsin' thru the dailies. I started in from kiver to kiver. All the time I could hear the TV blastin' away, but then I got to "Grinslingers." And doggone, it was so interestin' I plum forgot the TV Western I wanted to see, and caught only the end of it. . . .

Beaufort, S.C. FRANK H. RAMSEY

Poland and Germany

In your August 19th issue there is a statement which maintains that organizations claiming parts of Poland's present territory for Germany are "the backbone of the Federal Republic's anti-Communist movement."

If this is true shouldn't we assume that Comrade Nikita may very easily break that backbone just by proposing the Fifth Partition of Poland? And in such case shouldn't the U.S. Government abandon building its German policy on such a brittle platform?

Washington, D.C. WACLAW ZAJACZKOWSKI

Reactionary!

Henry Hazlitt ["Greenback Utopia," August 26] wants to repeal all the legislation since 1930 that the Federal Government has passed to guide and improve our economy. This is the sort of stereotyped nineteenth-century thinking that casts a pall of odorous gloom over the withering stalk of conservatism which is trying to turn the clock back to a found-

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GIANT PARTY and reception for Edward L. Nash, Young Conservative candidate for City Council. William F. Buckley Jr. to speak at 8:00 p.m. Tudor Room, Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 West 57th St. in Manhattan. Tuesday, Sept. 5, 5 to 9 p.m. Admission free.

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ering ship of state, which men like Lord Keynes and Franklin Delano Roosevelt pulled up by its bootstraps into an economic rendezvous with destiny. Since 1930 the Gross National Product has climbed and so has the Federal Budget. This is final proof of my assertions.

New York City RALPH JORGENSEN

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—ED.

Mistaken

In the course of his interesting article on Isaac Deutscher [August 12], James Burnham makes one very oddly inaccurate remark. Drawing up some awful list to indicate how almost universal is the "acceptance of Deutscher's role as a leading authority," Mr. Burnham writes: "His articles, which have been printed in many magazines, have lately been appearing in *The Reporter*, the English *New Statesman*, and in *Encounter* . . ."

Interesting, if true. But the fact of the matter is that *Encounter* has not been publishing the articles of Isaac Deutscher, not "lately" or ever. In the first number of *Encounter* (October 1953), there was a severe critique of Deutscher's views of *Russia After Stalin*, and a month later (this is almost eight years ago) a letter of reply by him was published. . .

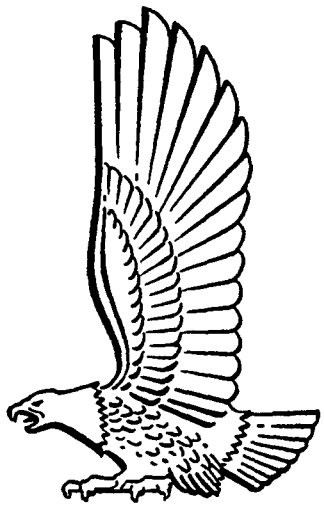
London, England MELVIN J. LASKY
Editor, *Encounter*

Mr. Lasky is quite correct. By some curious synaptic lapse, I confused, in referring to Encounter, *"Isaac Deutscher" with "Isaiah Berlin," a writer of a very different tint. I apologize for the resulting error.* —J.B

Impeach Earl Warren?

Because I am very grateful for the unique and vital contribution which you have made to the conservative cause and for the satisfaction and pleasure I have derived from reading your publication, I have been reluctant to admit the bewilderment and dismay which I have experienced upon noting your frequent and derogatory references to Robert Welch and the "movement to impeach Earl Warren."

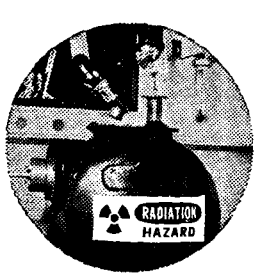
Since you believe that "the efforts to impeach Earl Warren are futile



"... the ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed, the world is ruled by little else . . . Not, indeed, immediately, but after a certain interval . . . in the field of economic and political philosophy there are not many who are influenced by new theories after they are twenty-five or thirty years of age, so that the ideas which civil servants and politicians and even agitators apply to current events are not likely to be the newest. But soon or late, it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil."

— John Maynard Keynes

Our forebears bequeathed to us a set of premises, theories and truths carefully devised to insure the dignity and freedom and supremacy of the individual. But through interpretation, modification, even convenient omission by many of our educators today, there exists a strong and growing tendency to teach that the individual is second to the state. The influence of these teachings — already apparent — will be felt increasingly five, ten and twenty years hence.



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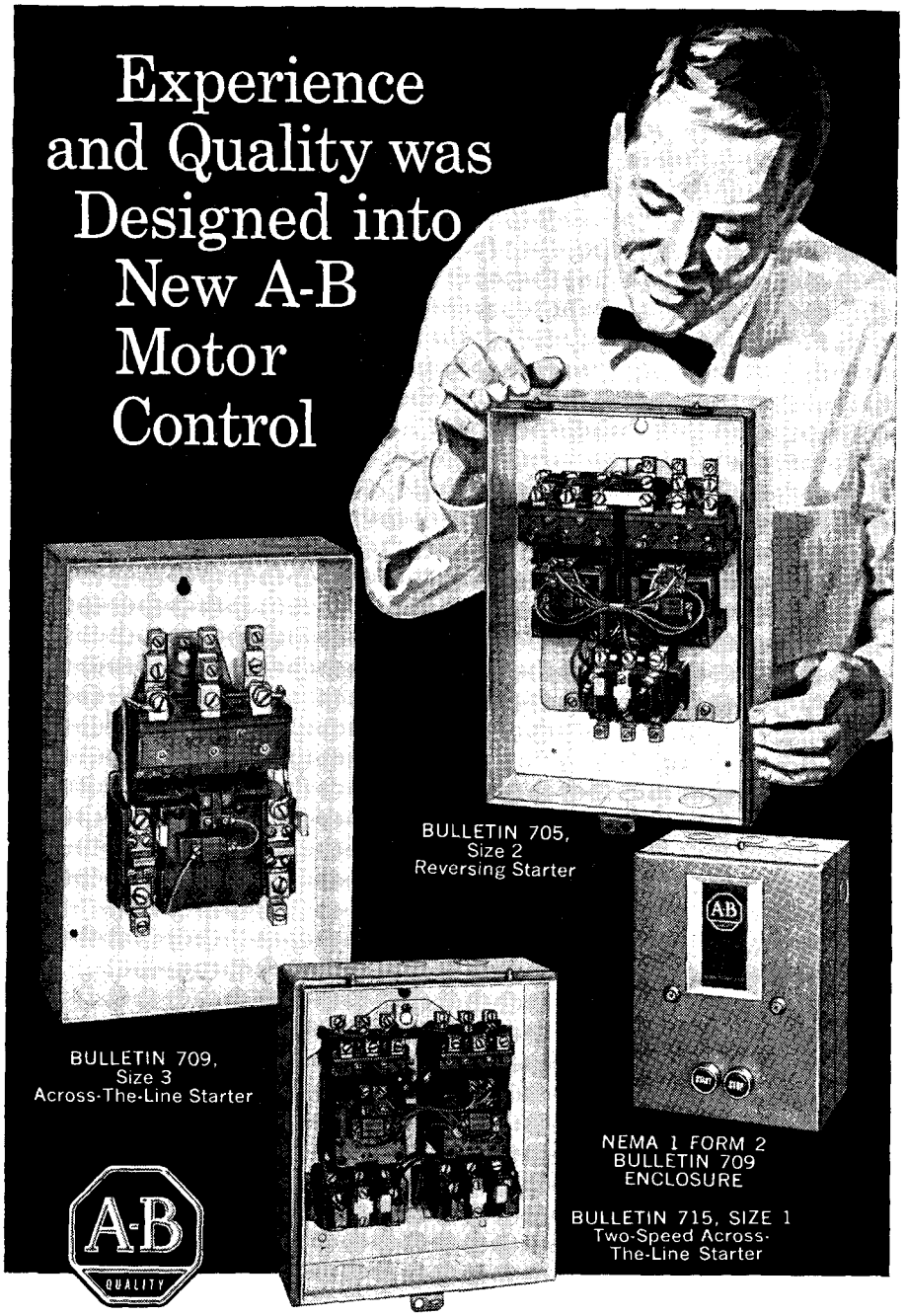
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and wrongheaded," what method do you recommend for curbing the Court and restoring Constitutional government? Robert Welch is not alone in suggesting this means—it is the first of Rosalie Gordon's proposals in her *Nine Men Against America*; and, as you know, Senator Eastland has gone so far as to call for the impeachment of the whole Court. I cannot believe that you are satisfied with the status quo, but, if you have recommended a course to follow in order to improve the situation, it has escaped my notice.

Phoenix, Ariz. AGNES F. DANIEL

Please note Mr. Bozell's article in this issue. —ED.

Not 'Off His Tea'

Writers need to be pruned. This writer needs it especially. Exigencies of space require scissors. This writer admits he can be improved by them. Errors are unavoidable in that last hectic rush before the deadline. But: readers are likely to think that Crumpet has gone off his tea—from the disasters of his past two appearances. In "Go Down, Moses" [June 3], the editorially rewritten first paragraph states the diametrical opposite of what he wrote originally, and a key paragraph of the general argument was left to blush unseen, rendering the whole latter part of the article, especially the "anomaly" referred to, unintelligible.

In a quickie review of *The Dear Deceit* [August 12], Crumpet wrote: "Our best novelists in the second rank are women." Rendered: "Our best novelists are women." Which is not only a gross falsehood . . . but makes hash and nonsense of the final critical thrust.

That was a complaint.

This is a thank-you note. The "hard" resolution on Cuba rammed through in the recent 10th Internation convocation of the CEDI [*NR Bulletin*, August 5] is still being discussed in Spanish newspapers, three weeks after the event. In any showdown, Spain will fight with the West, as so often she has fought for the West.

Madrid, Spain PETER CRUMPET

We regret that the words "in the second rank" were dropped from Mr. Crumpet's brief review by the typist (a gynecocrat, it happens). Our sincere apologies. —ED.

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The UNIVERSITY BOOKMAN

What Does Harvard Say on Federalism?

Writing in the current issue of *The University Bookman,* the President of Claremont Men's College, George C. S. Benson, reviews *Area and Power: A Theory of Local Government.* edited by Arthur Maass.

Mr. Benson begins by remarking that extremely little has been written about our own federalism and that when "seven relatively recent Harvard doctors of philosophy, strewn from Cambridge to New York and Indiana, set out with the aid of calculus and learned jargon to develop 'a theory of local government' in a cooperative volume, new ground is broken."

However. Mr. Benson goes on, "thoughtful students of American governmental structure will not find much in the way of useful suggestions. Yet somehow this reviewer finds himself in sympathy with these young scholars. They are trying hard. Their awkward juxtaposition of calculus, 'models,' and political theory is well intended. The mere fact that they—seven Harvard-trained political scientists—are willing to write about 'a real division of powers' . . . is encouraging. . . .

". . . I am glad the book was written and hope the authors keep their interest in the subject. I recommend the book to any specialists in the subject."

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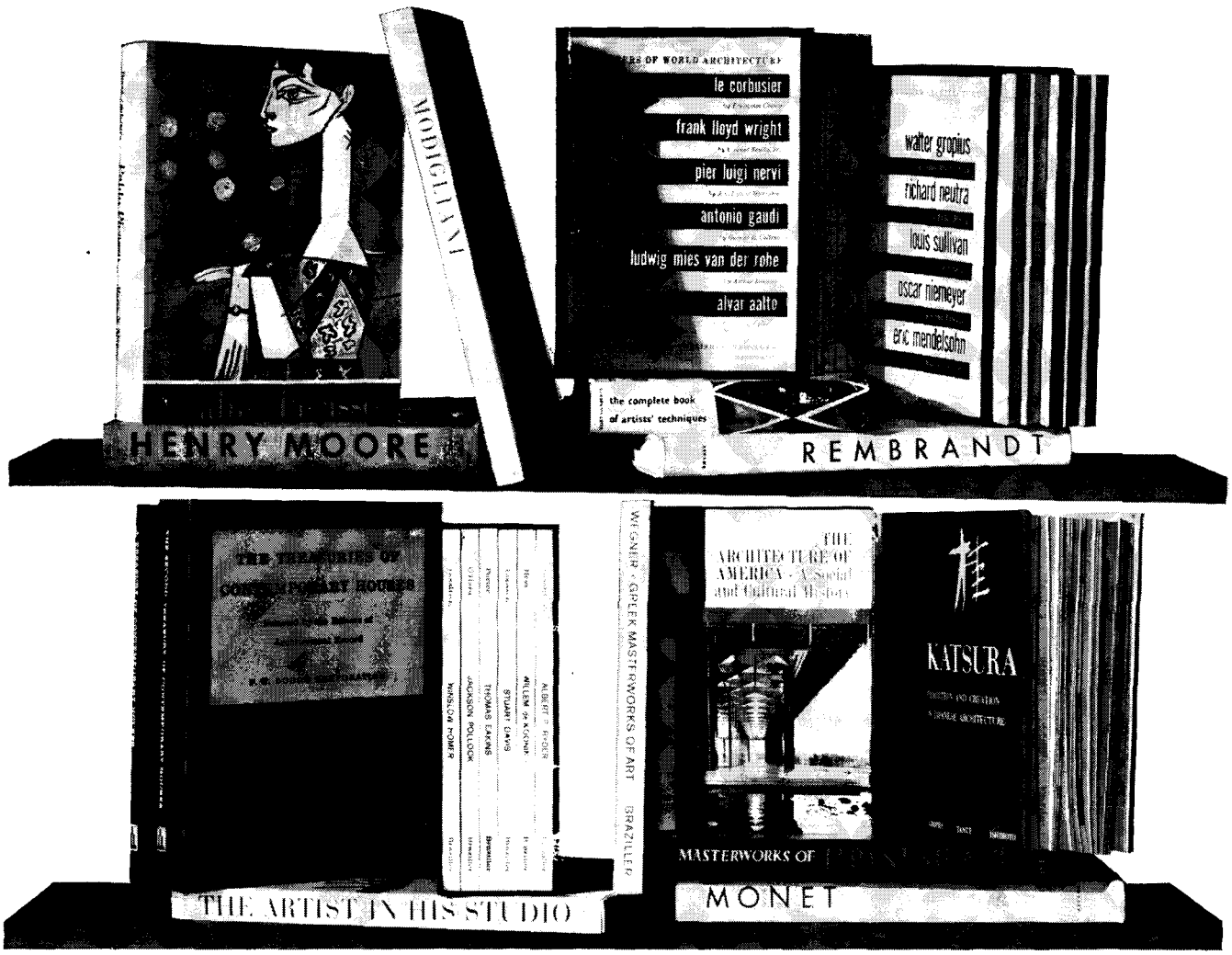

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